THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE



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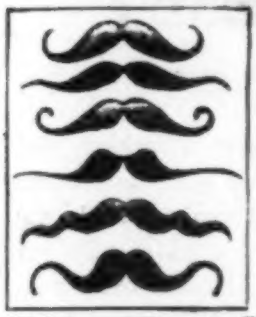
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N.B.—Lord Chancellor Selborne, Lord Justice James, and Lord Justice Mellish decided in favour of **FREEMAN'S ORIGINAL CHLORODYNE**, and against Browne and Davenport, compelling them to pay all costs in the suit.—See *Times* of July 24, 1873.

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I beg the reader's indulgence. While, as a matter of fact, she did not jump out of the window she might easily have yielded to the impulse and actually have done so. Cases of this sort are common as blackberries, almost. Take the hundreds of so-called "Mysterious suicides," for instance, and strange crimes committed by people of theretofore high moral character. What do you make of them? Yes, yes. Let me assure you that things of the most terrible and lamentable kind are done every day by good men and women under the same pushing that made Mrs. Stubbs feel like jumping out of the window.

She accounts for the feeling in her own case by saying that she had been ill from her girlhood with what was supposed to be an affection of the liver. "My skin," she says, "was sallow, and the whites of my eyes tinged of a yellowish colour. I always felt languid and weary, and often so tired I could scarcely drag myself about. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and was constantly spitting up a watery fluid. Sometimes I vomited a greenish slime that was bitter as gall.

"My appetite was variable, but I seldom had any real relish for my meals. After eating I was taken with a pain at the chest, and a sense of weight and deadness in the stomach. There seemed to be no life or warmth there. What I had eaten oppressed me, so I wished I had let it alone.

"As the trouble got worse I grew to be so low and nervous *I often felt as if I could jump out of the window.* I obtained little sleep at night, and rose of a morning tired and exhausted, even more so than a well person does after a hard day's work. This was the manner of my life, year in and year out. Sometimes I would be better, then worse, but never well.

"I consulted doctors, and took pills and other medicines recommended for the liver and nerves, but got very little benefit from them. As all our family had suffered from the same complaint I had no hope of ever being really in good health. I expected always to remain an invalid, and tried to bear it the best I could.

"I kept on my feet after a fashion, and went about my business and household work; but often in much pain and weakness. In the latter part of March of this year (1895) I became extremely feeble, and could not get up my strength, do what I would. All food gave me much pain, and I sank lower and lower. I was attacked by influenza, and after that left me I had rheumatism in my shoulders, the parts being puffed and swollen. So great was the pain I was obliged to carry one arm in a sling.

"On one of the last days of that month (March) a friend, Mrs. John Atkinson, of Grimsby Road, Laceby, called at my shop, and seeing my condition, told me how she had been benefited by Mother Seigel's Syrup. Indeed, she said she owed her life to the use of it. I immediately got a supply from Messrs. H. Sharp and Sons, Druggists, Burley Road, Leeds, and after taking it a week I felt better. My appetite revived, and food caused me no more distress. After this I began to pick up rapidly. In a few weeks I was well and strong—actually for the first time in my life. By taking an occasional dose of Mother Seigel's Syrup I keep entirely free from all my old complaints, and in thankfulness I consent to the publication of this statement. (Signed) (Mrs.) Lucy Stubbs, 97, Garibaldi Street, Grimsby, Lincoln, May 7th, 1895."

Mrs. Stubbs is a grocer and provision dealer, and is well known and respected in Grimsby. She is loud in her praise of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and recommends it to her customers and friends. Her ailment was chronic dyspepsia, with resulting torpidity and congestion of the liver, a tendency to which she no doubt inherited, as she indicates in her letter. No other disease has so profound an influence on the nervous system, and in the deep despair and dejection which follows many poor sufferers have done evil deeds, and often taken their own lives. We are fearfully and wonderfully made, and it is startling to think how greatly our happiness (and in fact our moral character) depends upon the condition of that source of all life, the digestive organs. And for its ability to cure the ailments of those organs Mother Seigel's Syrup deserves, and receives, the appreciation of the people.

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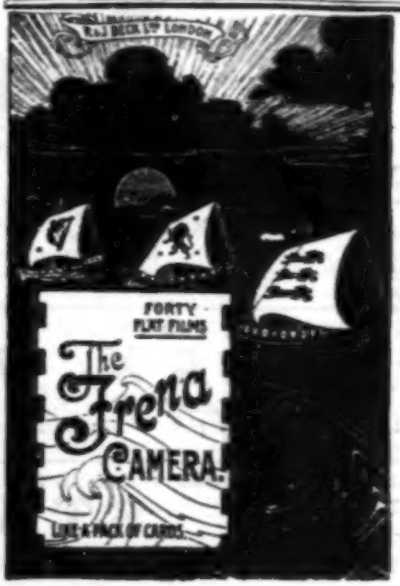
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The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.

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For Particulars see Page 564.

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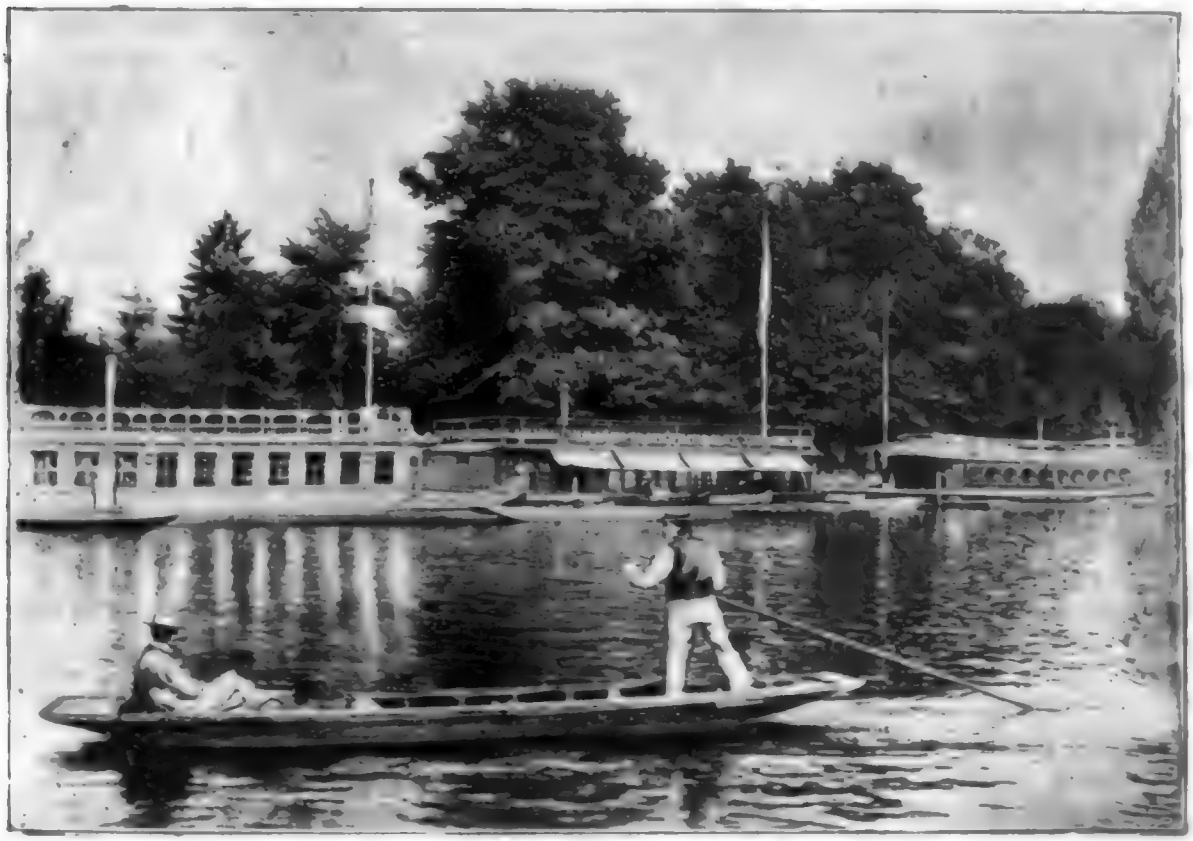
THE TOM TOWER, CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD

Rambles Through England.

THE ANCIENT CITY AND UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

PROBABLY the best time to see Oxford at its brightest is during "Commemoration Week," which is held at the end of the summer term, usually in June. Then the whole city is holiday making and gay with the bright dresses of lady visitors, relatives and friends of the students. The College Boat Races form one of the chief attractions of this period, and the river, which is here very much broader than for some miles lower down, affords a capital reach for the decision of College rivalries.

The enthusiasm displayed by the students of each College in the success of their boat is immense and is somewhat appalling to the nervous onlooker. The boats of the Colleges take up their positions down the river towards Iffley Lock. There they are stationed one astern of the other with a short distance between each, awaiting eagerly the starter's signal to be off. The order of their finish in the preceding year allots the position each shall occupy and the endeavour of each boat is to catch the one ahead of it, when it takes the position of its defeated antagonist at the next race. Meanwhile each boat, except the last, has to do its best not to be caught by the one behind it, so that there is plenty of excitement to rouse the enthusiasm of both rowers and their champions on the banks. These latter are mostly rowing men, and they crowd the banks, shouting exordiums to their friends in the various boats. When the signal to go is at last given, the expectant oarsmen start off at the top of their speed, the boats fly under the powerful strokes of the young athletes, the blades of the many oars flashing more or less rhythmically in the brilliant sunshine, and all is rapid movement.



THE THAMES AT OXFORD WITH SOME COLLEGE BARGES



CHRIST CHURCH

Then the discordant shouts from the banks grow intenser and still more unintelligible as the Collegians pelt along the banks accompanying their boats and shouting their advice. Woe betide the unfortunate stranger who has taken his stand near the edge of the bank to view the oncoming boats and whose interest is absorbed by the spectacle. Before he recognises what is happening a crowd of barelegged, gesticulating, roaring athletes is upon him and he is in the thick of the fun. Well is it if he be able to take a step or two back from the edge of the river, else he may find himself doing an involuntary swim. In a minute or two the danger is past, and the moving panorama of boats and partisans are rapidly disappearing. The whole stream is then alive with pleasure boats, which have hung up to let the racers pass. The College barges on the opposite shore are gay with the bright hues of lady visitors, and the whole scene is vivid with life and colour.

From this scene of movement and summer sunshine to our inspection of the old Colleges, with their dim and shady courts and cloisters, is a great contrast, but after the heat and glare of the river side we welcome the pleasant shade and recommence our ramble with Corpus Christi College in King Street. This college was founded in 1516 by Bishop Fox of Winchester, and was dedicated to the Body of Christ, as its name infers. The beautiful buildings are approached through a handsomely vaulted-roofed gateway, and stand on the site of five old Halls. The library on the south side is rich in ancient volumes and old MSS., and the hall on the left hand of the gateway is well worthy of inspection. In the centre of the great quadrangle is an old cylindrical dial constructed by a Fellow of the College in 1605, which exhibits a very curious perpetual calendar. Another curiosity which is kept in the bursary is the cista, or University Chest. It is built of iron, and is accessible only by several keys, kept by the Vice-Chancellor, the Dean of Christ Church, the President of Corpus, and other heads of colleges. The founder's pastoral staff, nearly four hundred years old, yet in perfect preservation, may also be inspected. It is six feet in length, of silver gilt and beautifully ornamented. The altar piece by Rubens in the chapel should also be seen. In it the Master depicts the Adoration.

We now come to Christ Church College, the College *par excellence* of Oxford, and familiarly known as the "House." Christ Church was founded by Cardinal Wolsey in 1525, and but for his fall from power would probably have borne his name. It was seized, however, by Henry VIII., and its rights and functions were suspended until the bishopric of Osney was transferred to Oxford in 1546, when the title of Christ Church was bestowed on the Cathedral and College.

Christ Church is the largest, and perhaps the grandest of all the Oxford Colleges. The view of the exterior from St. Aldates Street is most imposing, the

massive proportions of the various buildings, with the turrets and bastions, over all of which the hand of time has laid a mellowing hand, form a group of architectural magnificence rarely to be seen and scarcely to be excelled.

The massive Tom Tower over the main entrance catches the visitor's attention immediately. A statue of the ambitious Cardinal Wolsey ornaments the space over the gateway, passing through which, the great quadrangle, usually known as "Tom Quad," is entered. The Tower and the Quad both take their name from the enormous bell "Great Tom" which hangs in the tower above. This bell is one of the attractions of the College. It weighs 17,000 pounds, whilst the clapper weighs 342 pounds; and every evening, exactly at five minutes past nine, "Great Tom" tolls a curfew of 101 strokes as a signal for the closing of the College gates. This curious number of tolls is supposed to represent the number of students on the original foundation. The deep, sonorous boom of "Great Tom" can be heard for miles round, and we can picture in imagination the consternation of the early students who were caught by the first warning boom at some distance from their College and had to hurry home before the gates closed. The great quadrangle measures 264 by 216 feet, centred in which is a beautiful plot of emerald green lawn with a fountain. Christ Church Hall is perhaps the grandest of mediævalhalls in England, Westminster alone excepted. It is 115 feet long by 40 feet broad and 50 feet in height. The beautifully carved Irish oak roof dates from 1529 and is covered with armorial bearings. A magnificent and almost priceless collection of portraits adorns the walls, Gainsborough, Vandyke, Joshua Reynolds, Holbein, Hogarth and other old masters being there represented, whilst of modern painters Sir J. E. Millais' portrait of Mr. Gladstone and Professor Herkomer's Dr. Liddon bring us in touch with our own day.



TRINITY COLLEGE CHAPEL

This Hall in its time has witnessed many diverse gatherings. Bluff King Hal was banquetted here in 1533 by the heads of the University, whilst dramatic representations were witnessed under its convivial roof-tree by Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. Here, too, Charles I., in 1644, assembled the members of Parliament who had remained faithful to his fortunes.

From the Hall we descend the staircase on the right to the kitchen, which was completed under Wolsey's supervision and remains almost unchanged to this day. A curiosity of much interest here is a huge gridiron on wheels. The Bell Tower Peckwater and Canterbury Quadrangles are all features of interest and have their share in making this huge pile of buildings unique amongst the colleges of the world.



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

Through a doorway on the west side of the great quadrangle we enter The Cathedral, which is both the chapel of Christ Church College and the chief church of the diocese of Oxford.

The earliest mention of this building goes back to Saxon times far anterior to the College we have just visited. On this site was founded a priory by St. Frideswide, who died A.D. 740. The main fabric of the present Cathedral was restored in the 12th century, and later on the remains of the saint were removed to a more worthy shrine.

But we must not dally longer here, for there are many other Colleges still to be viewed, so we wend our steps slowly away, pausing to glance back at the massive Tom Tower as we gain the busy haunts of men in Aldates Street.

Trinity College, in Broad Street, next claims attention. It was founded in 1554, and stands on the site of an old Benedictine monastery of the 13th century. The Chapel contains the handsome tomb of the founder, Sir Thomas Pope, privy councillor to Henry VIII. and Queen Mary, and the carving of the screen and altar piece by Grinling Gibbons is worthy of inspection. The College gardens are remarkable for the "Lime Tree Walk" and "Yew Tree Walk," formed by the grand old trees which give their names to the respective walks.

Close by, but having its entrance in St. Giles Street, is St. John's College, dating from 1555 and founded by Sir Thomas White. This College also stands on the remains of an old monastery of Bernardine monks suppressed at the Reformation. St. Bernard's Gateway, a relic of the older building, is a square embattled tower with a bay window and canopied niches, and remnants of the monastery buildings exist in the north, south, and west sides of the first quadrangle.

The Library contains a curious portrait of Charles I., with the whole of the Psalms written in the lines of the face. Amongst other relics are the cap worn by Archbishop Laud at his execution, his crozier and his walking-stick, diaries, &c.

The view of the College from the gardens is extremely picturesque, and the verdure covered Library, with its hoary battlements, forms a picture of exquisite loveliness.

Queen Elizabeth, at the instigation of Hugh ap Rice, granted the site and provided the majority of the funds for the foundation of Jesus College (date 1571). It was intended for the education of Ap Rice's countrymen, and a large number of eminent Welshmen have graduated here.

The handsome gateway tower was added in 1856. The Chapel stands to the west of the first quadrangle and is an excellent specimen of late Gothic architecture.

Facing the gardens of Trinity College is Wadham College in Park Street, founded by Nicholas Wadham in 1613, and like many other of the Colleges of Oxford it stands on the site of an old monastery (of the Augustinian Friars). Through the massive stone vaulted gateway we enter the quadrangle. Opposite the



WADHAM COLLEGE, THE NORTH WINDOW



WADHAM COLLEGE

entrance stands the handsome Chapel, which contains some very fine stained glass. The Dining Hall adjoining has an excellent and lofty timber roof and carved screen and contains numerous portraits.

The next College in order of foundation is Pembroke, dating from 1620. Most of the buildings are of modern date and, consequently, have little history. Dr. Johnson, "the Dictionary Maker," was a member of Pembroke, where he had his rooms over the entrance gateway. In the Library there is a good portrait of the Doctor by Reynolds. The Chapel is exceedingly beautiful, although its embellishment is quite modern, the walls and ceilings glow with gold and rich colouring, and the reredos and super altar are composed of marble and carved alabaster.

The frontage of Worcester College, founded in 1714, belies its interior, for the entrance is anything but attractive. Within, however, all is changed, for the Chapel is most gorgeously decorated, marble, alabaster, mosaics, gilding and painting adorning it in the utmost profusion. The Hall adjoining is also beautifully decorated and is a most handsome apartment. But the transformation does not end here. We entered the gateway doubtingly, almost scoffingly, but we are now humbled, and as we pass through the quadrangle into the lovely gardens, we admit that an unpromising husk contains a glorious kernel.



WORCESTER COLLEGE

Hertford College, facing the Bodleian Library, has undergone many vicissitudes during its career. As Hart Hall, it was founded in 1214, but was created a College in 1740 by Royal charter. It, however, only enjoyed a brief career, and in 1820 it received the inmates of Magdalen Hall, which had been destroyed by fire and was then known under their name. In 1874, however, its original title, "Hertford College," was restored, and considerable improvements have recently been carried out in the buildings.

Keble College is a quite modern institution, having been erected at a cost of £50,000 in 1870, in which year it was opened by the Marquis of Salisbury, the Chancellor of the University. It is a handsome and commodious building, but naturally lacks the mellowing tints of time which mark its elder brethren. Keble College was erected by public subscription in memory of the late Rev. John Keble, author of the "Christian Year." The lofty and beautiful Chapel was the munificent gift of the late W. Gibbs, costing over £60,000, and contains some exceedingly rich stained glass windows. The Dining Hall and Library are both very fine, and the latter contains Holman Hunt's celebrated picture, "The Light of the World," valued at £10,000, presented to the College by the late Mrs. Thomas Combe.

In addition to the foregoing, there are several old halls and Manchester New College and Mansfield College, which are not incorporated, all of which have special interests of their own, but which the limits of this paper prevents us from describing.



HERTFORD COLLEGE

Many of the old churches are also worthy of inspection St. Mary the Virgin's Church in the High Street is the University Church, and the original building is said to have been erected by Alfred the Great. It is the handsomest and most prominent of all the Oxford Churches.

The original Tower of St. Michael's in Cornmarket Street still stands. It is of Saxon origin, having been erected before the Conquest.

Of famous buildings Oxford has a large number. The Bodleian Library, the most famous and probably the best in the world, would take many days to even cursorily inspect its accumulated treasures of centuries.

The Ashmolean Museum is another treasure house of antiquities and curiosities. The old building stands beside the Sheldonian Theatre, but its contents have been transferred recently to the University Galleries.

The world-famous Sheldonian Theatre, where the Encœnia speeches and honorary degrees are given and conferred, is one of



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

Oxford's finest buildings. The views of the city from its dome is unsurpassed, and the visitor should not fail to ascend and obtain the lovely panoramic scene which is obtainable from this vantage point.

From Oxford as a centre there are many interesting rambles which the visitor with a few days to spare can easily make. Such historic places as Blenheim, Woodstock, and Abingdon are within easy reach; whilst the Thames offers several delightful excursions either by a walk along its bank or the easier mode of a



THE MILL AT IFFLEY, NEAR OXFORD

rowing-boat, when Iffley Mill and charming Nuneham Woods can comfortably be compassed in a day's outing.

From Folly Bridge steam launches make frequent trips down the river, offering a convenient if lazy means of viewing the beauties of the neighbourhood if the rambler's time is limited, or his or her physical powers are not equal to more arduous exercise.

For a short holiday Oxford offers charms of its own unfound in any other spot in England; the beauties of its ancient Colleges, the quiet, ever-flowing river and the lovely verdure of the surrounding country cannot fail to please even the most jaded and exacting visitor.

HUBERT GRAYLE.



By MURIEL LINDSAY.

Author of "My Chum," "The Arm of the Brotherhood," &c.

PART I.

IT was Saturday night, and the saloon at Dusty Creek was full with the usual rowdy set. Foremost among these was "Dare-Devil" Derrick, the most quarrelsome, violent and Godless bully of the camp. Who he was nobody knew. All, however, feared him, and would rather face the Evil One himself than provoke Derrick when in his cups. He was a splendid worker, and because he cared little for it, fortune was always his. But it was of little use to him; what he saved during the week he drank and gambled away on the Saturday night.

To-night he was more unlucky than usual; every penny he possessed had left his pockets long ago. He rose unsteadily to his feet, a magnificent six feet, with a grand leonine head, but with features coarsened and reddened with drink.

"Curse the cards," he hiccoughed, "did ye ever see such damned bad luck? Curse the cards I say! I'll play no more to-night!" and gulping down the contents of his glass, he reeled out of the saloon.

It was a dark night, no moon shone, and he had not even a lantern to guide his steps. But this was not the first time he had gone home in this condition, and he knew every inch of the road blindfold. He staggered down the road leading to the miners' huts, coughing and swearing loudly, when he stumbled over an inanimate body, and fell full length on the ground. The fall sobered him slightly, and he rose feeling round carefully to discover the object that had so unceremoniously prostrated him. His hand came in contact with a soft huddled body, a shawl, a petticoat, and a thick coil of hair.

"Great Snakes!" he ejaculated, "it's a woman."

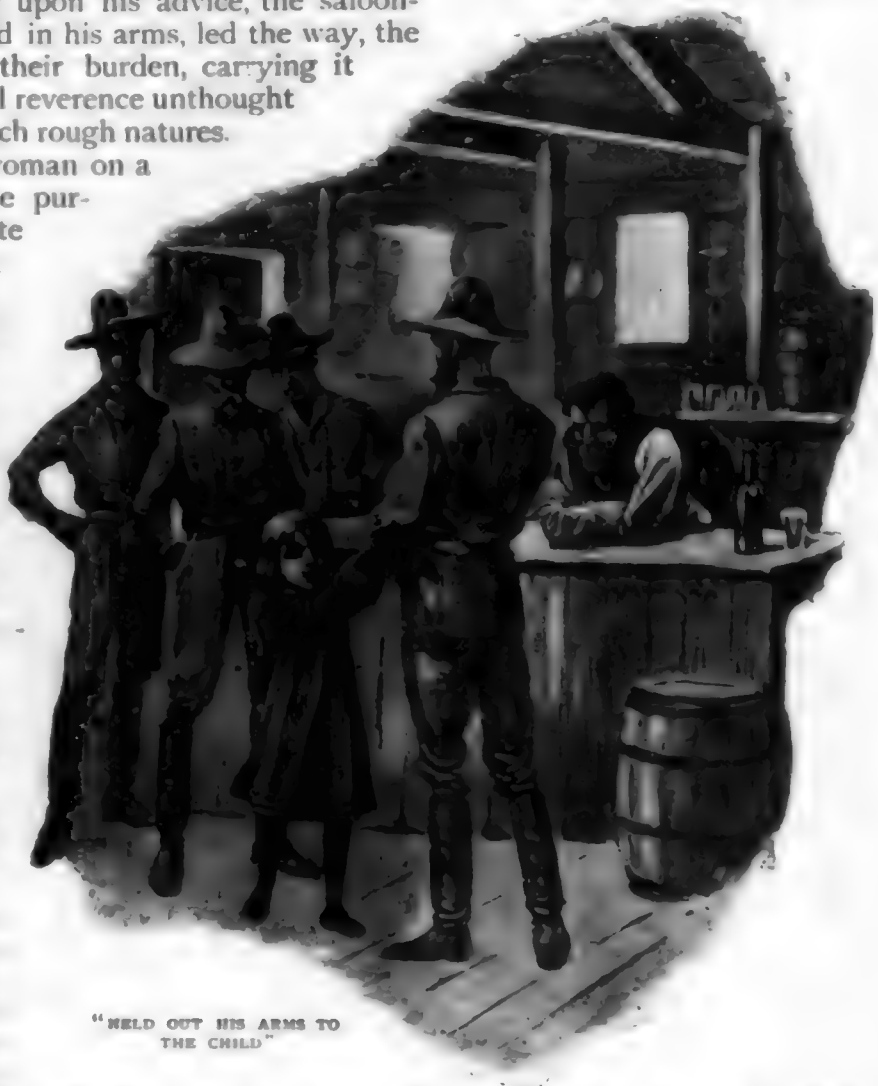
The players in the bar were electrified a few minutes later by the appearance of Derrick rushing in, looking considerably scared, but sober.

"There's a woman lying on Dusty Hill, bring lights will ye," he cried excitedly, and he darted out again, followed by an interested throng.

Women were rarely if ever seen in the diggings; it was not an inviting place to bring a woman to, and consequently the excitement was great when "Dare Devil" Derrick announced the fact that one had arrived. What could bring her here? they wondered as they bent over the motionless form. As they moved her, a faint cry was heard to proceed from under the shawl by her side.

"Lord! here's a kid," exclaimed the saloon-keeper, lifting the small bundle. In the uncertain light it was impossible to see whether it was a boy or a girl.

"Bring them along to the bar and let's have a look at 'em," suggested one of the men; and acting upon his advice, the saloon-keeper, with the child in his arms, led the way, the rest following with their burden, carrying it with a tenderness and reverence unthought or unguessed of in such rough natures.



"HELD OUT HIS ARMS TO THE CHILD"

They laid the woman on a table cleared for the purpose. She was quite dead, must have been so for some time. A face of wonderful beauty, but worn and haggard with suffering and starvation. She was neatly and decently dressed, a wedding-ring on her poor thin hand, but nothing else; no clue to her's, or the child's identity.

They stared at her in solemn silence, until a cry broke the stillness.

"Mammy," burst from the bundle unnoticed on the floor, and seizing it, one of the men held it up to the light. A tiny girl's face peeped out from amongst the folds, a child about five, or possibly less; strangely like the dead woman lying there, but glowing with life and health, while on the other was set the seal of death.

The child gazed frightenedly at the unfamiliar faces round her, and once more repeated her cry for "Mammy." A babel of tongues broke forth, one suggested one thing, another another. Who was to take the child? What was to be done with her?

"Give her to me," said the bar-keeper, "I'll take care of her, she'll come in uncommon handy when she grows up."

"No," thundered a deep voice behind him, "she is mine, I found them, she belongs to me."

The man stood undecided, while the rest gaped open-mouthed. Would

wonders *never* cease? What had come over the "Devil?" He wanting to adopt a foundling, he who shunned his fellow-men as though plague-stricken, going to take a beggar's brat to live with him? It was most astonishing.

Derrick held out his arms to the child, who gazed up fearlessly into the stern, hard face. Perhaps, with a child's intuition, she saw deep below the surface, qualities unguessed at by his fellow-comrades, for she sprang into his outstretched arms flinging her own round his neck, burying her dark little head in the tangled gold of his long beard.

A stupified silence ensued, then, as Derrick strode towards the door, saying as he left, "Bury her decently, I'll stand the oof," a ringing cheer burst from half a hundred throats, pursuing him far into the night.

Derrick felt an unaccustomed tightness rise in his throat, and a suspicious mist dimmed his sight as he felt the soft trusting arms cling round his neck, and a vow, unuttered, but not the less surely registered above to his scant bank-book of good deeds, was made, that the little orphan should never rue the day she took the "Devil" for her guardian.

PART II.

"DERRICK is late to-night, Auntie May, I wonder what keeps him?"

"He'll be at the bank," suggested Auntie May, as she lifted a pot from off the fire, and gazed into its steaming depths. "Don't you go fretting yourself honey, Derrick will be here afore long."

"Cherry-Blossom" leant against the door and looked towards the west, where the sun was setting, a radiant fiery ball. To the south-west lay the diggings, west and north there stretched a vast plain, covered with scrub and prickly bush. There was no sign of Derrick yet, and Blossom turned into the cabin again to help Auntie May to set supper.

A wonderful change had come over Derrick and his belongings since the advent of the little foundling. No more gambling and drinking for him, every penny was religiously saved for "The Blossom," who flourished apace in the rough mining camp. That the change took place all at once was not to be expected; it cost "Dare-Devil" Derrick many a fierce struggle to give up the habits which had taken such a hold upon him. But he persevered, and each week saw him less at the saloon and more with the child. Auntie May, a travelling pedlar, was persuaded to come and look after the little one while Derrick was away, and the old woman soon became a fixture in the cabin.

Not only over Derrick had come a change, but over the whole community. The miners soon understood that if they wished "Cherry-Blossom," so called because of her rosy cheeks and ripe, red lips, to enter their huts, they must keep them in different order than hitherto; the order of the bath became more generally patronised, and one did not feel ashamed to be seen in an extra clean shirt or so.

Their manners gradually softened, they were more careful of their speech before "The Blossom," who was so quick at picking up their offensive words and using them, unconscious of their meaning, that the men grew cautious, and swearing became almost obsolete amongst them.

Dusty Creek had in itself become quite a respectable township during the past twelve years. It boasted a High Street containing dry-goods and other stores, and a flourishing bank, where regularly every Saturday night might be seen a crowd waiting to pay in their week's gains.

A few had married and brought their wives to the Creek, but over all "The Blossom" reigned supreme, and no one thought to dispute her sovereignty. She was universally adored by both sexes; no festivity, whether a wedding or a christening, was complete without her; she was the living presentment of all that was lovely and good.

As she busied herself for the absent Derrick, her thoughts travelled backwards over the years she had been with him, and her heart swelled with love and gratitude towards him as she conned over the unvarying patience and kindness he had ever shown her.

"There is *nothing* too good for him," she reflected. "I would *die* for him if it were ever necessary."

So absorbed did she become in her thoughts she never heard his step, and started violently at the sound of his deep, rich voice in her ear as he slipped his arm round her lissom waist. Blushing with delight, she held up her cheek for his accustomed kiss, then bidding him hasten, she bustled about with housewifely zeal to set the supper on the table.

She was a tall, slender slip of a girl, upright as a dart, with a lovely face, arch and innocent as a child's. Nearly twelve years had passed since Derrick had found her dead mother on Dusty Hill, and she was in all probability seventeen or thereabouts.

Derrick entered the living-room. Time had dealt very kindly with him, and a handsomer fellow would be difficult to meet. His long golden beard was gone, "The Blossom" objecting forcibly, when younger, to its roughness and length, allowing his finely cut mouth and chin to be seen, while his hair fell in crisp waves round his well-shaped head. "Dare-Devil" Derrick he was, as of yore; he feared neither man nor beast, but his sullen, gloomy temper was gone, and his bearing was frank and free.

With "The Blossom" his good luck increased; everything he touched turned to gold. He was the richest man in the township, and that was saying a good deal. He did not care for gold for himself, it was for "The Blossom" he worked day and night, for her that his account swelled week by week at the bank.

"Derrick," said the girl, when, after the meal was finished, he took out his pipe for the evening smoke, "I saw such a horrid man in the township this morning. He followed me into the stores, and stared at me so curiously, just as if he knew me. Who could it have been do you think, Derrick?"

"Couldn't say, I'm sure, Blossom. What was he like to look at?"

"I have never seen one, but I should think he was most like a convict."

Derrick looked thoughtful, and was about to reply, when a loud knock came to the door. Auntie May opened it an inch or so, cautiously inquiring who wanted admittance.

"This Derrick's shanty?" a coarse, rough voice replied.

Auntie May hesitated, then finally answered in the affirmative.

"Tell him an old pal of his has come to look him up. And open the door, can't ye? D'ye mean to keep me waiting out here all night?"

Reluctantly the door was swung open and the stranger entered. As he advanced within the lamp's radius, Blossom recognised him to be the man who had stared at her so fixedly that morning, and whispered as much to Derrick, who made no reply, and whose face was stern and set.

"Hullo! Derrick old pal," cried the new comer, swaggering up with outstretched hand; "no welcome for yer old friend after these years?"

"What brings you here?" asked Derrick coldly, taking no notice of the other's grimy paw.

"Just out of quod—eleven years—the little affair *you* were wanted for," and he winked knowingly. Then catching sight of Blossom, who stood somewhat in the shade, he made a mocking bow, regarding her furtively out of his sly, beady black eyes.

"Ladies here," he observed with a sneer; "daughter I suppose."

"No," replied Derrick curtly.

"Wife, p'raps?" suggested the convict.

"No," more curtly still, and turning to Blossom, Derrick said gently.

"Go beside Auntie May for a little, Blossom; this *gentleman* and I have some business to discuss."

Blossom started; her mother's ring, which she had been nervously twisting up and down her finger—a favourite trick of hers—slipped and rolled almost to the convict's feet. He stooped and picked it up to restore it to her. As he held it to the light he made an exclamation, and paled beneath the brick-dust of his complexion. It was a curiously and fancifully worked gold ring, with the words "True till death" roughly scratched in the inside.

"Whose was this?" he asked, as he handed it to the girl.

"It was my mother's," she replied; and, replacing it on her finger, disappeared.

"Now, what do you want?" asked Derrick sharply, as the door closed behind her. "Be quick; least said, soonest mended."

And he seated himself, relighting the pipe which had gone out during their short conversation.



"'THERE STANDS YOUR FATHER'"

"Well, you might offer a feller some grub," growled the convict, and on Derrick pointing to the remains of the supper still on the table, he fell to and ate voraciously. His hunger appeased, he settled himself comfortably in his chair, and drawing a plug of tobacco from his pocket he cut off a piece and stowed it away in his mouth for future chewing. "Yer pretty comfortable-like here," he observed, glancing round the tidy room. "So *this* is where yer scooted when the police were after ye? There was a howdy when they couldn't find yer."

"It was a very good job for you they didn't, or else it would have been *hanging* you'd have got instead of eleven years in quod. But what made you come out to this place, and how did you find out about me?"

"I heard it were a likely place; and then they mentioned 'Derrick' in the township, so I made bold to see if it was my old pal. But it's not only that. Did ye ever see my wife and kid?"

"I never knew you were married," replied Derrick, surprised.

"Ah, but I was though. I left her and the kiddy down at Sydney, and when I was copped she disappeared, going up country to some relatives she had, so she told me; but they never saw nothing of her, nor heard neither. But I could lay my finger on the kid; she'll be a woman grown now."

"Have you seen her?" asked Derrick unconcernedly.

"Ay, this morning." Derrick started. "Directly I sot eyes on her, I knew her. She's as like what her mother was afore her as can be, and when I saw that ring she had on I knew it for the one I gave her mother."

"What?" Derrick sprang from his seat; he guessed what was coming.

"Ay, strange, isn't it, to think that all these years *you've* been looking after my kiddy? Well, I must say as she does you credit, she does indeed, but I won't trouble you with her much longer."

"You mean to claim your daughter?" said Derrick in a low voice.

"That's so, old pal."

"How do I know that this is not a string of lies? How can you tell that she is your daughter?"

"As if I didn't know my own daughter when I saw her; she, the living image of her mother, and the wedding-ring. Oh! she's my daughter sure enough: and I mean to claim her. I'm her father, when all's told, and I've more right to her than ever you can have."

"And supposing I won't let her go?" asked Derrick coolly.

"Ah, then we'll see what the law says to that," replied the other with an ugly leer.

"The law may say what it will, but the girl's mine. I sheltered, fed, and clothed her, and I defy any man to take her from me."

"You may have done all that," was the reply, "but she's *my* daughter, and I mean to have her."

"*You shall not.*"

The two men glared at each other like tigers crouching for a spring, then Derrick laughed shortly.

"We're in too great a hurry I'm thinking to settle whether she goes or stays without consulting her opinion upon the matter," and opening the door he called to Blossom to come in. Wonderingly she obeyed; hardly noticing the man, she gazed at Derrick, waiting for him to speak.

"Blossom," he began, "this is your father. He recognises you as his child, and claims you. As you are the one most concerned in this, it is but fair that you should decide. I leave it to yourself, Blossom. You know this is your home and is ever open to you if you stay; on the other hand, there stands your father."

Blossom looked at her father. Could she possibly belong to him she thought, as she noticed, with a shrinking repulsion, the small, cunning face, the sly, cruel eyes? She turned to Derrick. He was gazing at her with a look of infinite love and tenderness upon his stern, pale face. Could she leave him? *Never.* What were all the fathers in the world compared with the unfailing kindness and devotion of the man who slaved and worked to keep her in comfort?

Her father muttered something about "love" and "duty;" it had the opposite effect to what he intended. Blossom flung her arms round Derrick crying:—

"Love and duty keep me here. You are not my father; I have no father only Derrick," and she hid her face, all trembling, in the safe shelter of his broad chest.

Lifting his hand, Derrick pointed to the door.

"You have been answered," he said slowly; "now go."

The convict stood stupified. He had not expected that his daughter would refuse to own him, and he was filled with bitterness and anger against the man whom he accused of robbing him of his child.

"Curse you," he said, with an ugly oath, his eyes flashing malignantly. "Look to yourself, I'll be revenged for this," and shaking his fist at Derrick, he opened the door and passed out into the night.

PART III.

LIFE went on much the same as usual after Blossom refused to leave Derrick, but between the two an indefinable *something* had crept. The old relations had changed; she no longer held up her face to receive his daily caress when he left and returned from work, but rather avoided him. Her affection for him, so frankly and innocently expressed in many ways, seemed to have left her, and she was reserved and timid in his presence. Derrick puzzled over it and grew uneasy.

That the nature of her love for him could have changed he never thought; he was too old and worn to take a young girl's fancy, he reflected. He himself had always cared for her since, as a tiny child, she had entered his home; and as he beheld her blossoming into womanhood his love for the *child* developed into love for the *woman*, and deep down in his heart, growing and strengthening as the years passed on, was such a deep well of strong and tender love, unchanging and undying, that the possession of it alarmed him, and he grew afraid lest the flood-gates of his passion should suddenly become unlocked and startle her, for whose sake he would die rather than that a hair of her head should be ruffled. If on that memorable night she had decided otherwise and left him, he knew that life would have been a blank without her, and yet he knew he could not hope to keep her always with him. Naturally she must marry, and he knew there were many in the place who would gladly call her wife; but the idea of surrendering her to another man was torture to him, and filled him with a mad desire to carry her away into the wilds where she would belong to him only; and he was dare-devil enough to carry out such a plan, only that he thought she cared nothing for him.



"LEFT TO WATCH OVER DERRICK"

Matters were in this unsatisfactory condition, and he was pondering over them as he returned from his work one Saturday, some weeks later. He swung along with his swift, elastic tread that carried him quickly over the ground, looking neither to the right nor to the left. He never noticed an evil-looking visage peering out from behind a thick hedge, nor saw the sun glint down the barrel of a wicked little revolver, but marched steadily on, longing for, yet dreading the sight of a dark, radiant face awaiting him in his little house. On he came, unconscious of his doom, when, crack! a puff of blueish smoke and a hot stinging pain in his side. Then everything became blurred, and he fell senseless on the road. A hoarse satisfied chuckle broke from the convict as he watched the effects of his handiwork.

"I've winged him, anyhow, this time," he thought, as he stole away from his fallen enemy. For weeks he had been waiting for this, and the opportunity presenting itself, had seized it. He crept down to the township by an out-of-the-way path, and not waiting to see whether his victim was dead or not, collected his few belongings and left that part, knowing well that if it ever came out who it was had injured Derrick, he would stand very little chance of his life if caught by the infuriated miners.

Meanwhile, Derrick not returning, Blossom became seriously uneasy. She knew the convict had not yet left the place, and had heard his threat to "do" for Derrick, and any delay on his part to return at his usual time every

night made her ill at ease concerning his safety. She watched until the darkness fell, her active mind conjuring a thousand accidents which might have befallen him, and at last suspense becoming unbearable, she announced her intention of going to look for him to Auntie May.

"He was never so late as this before," she said, tying on her cloak and hood, and lighting the lantern, "I am sure something has happened. Go you, Auntie, and tell Casey and Holmes and the others to follow me, I must go at once."

It was pitch dark, and the light from her lantern cast weird shadows around. Now and then the sound of singing, or the doctor's (a new comer) violin mournfully wailing, smote her ear; the far away howling of a dingo in the bush disturbed the quietness of the night. She walked quickly down the road she knew he always came, sending now and then a soft "cooee" into the air, but there was no reply. She hurried on until she almost fell over something lying across the path. The light shone full on a well-known face, and with a great cry she dropped on her knees beside him, raising his head in her strong young arms. A terrible fear came over her that he was dead, he looked so ghastly in the flickering light.

"Derrick," she cried wildly, "wake up. Speak to me, Derrick. You must not die, you cannot. Oh God!" as he gave no sign of hearing, "will he not reply. Oh! my love, my love, answer. Look at me, Derrick, it is Blossom who calls you. Oh! my darling awake," and she kissed his deathly face passionately, the tears raining down her white cheeks. Finding that this failed to evoke consciousness on Derrick's part, she laid him gently on the ground, and springing to her feet sent out a vigorous "cooee" into the night. She listened for a minute, but there was no reply, and she gave another with all the strength of her young lungs. This time there was a faint answer, and seizing her lantern she waved it to and fro, and presently the sound of running feet and panting breath were heard, and in a few minutes a small band, with Pat Casey at their head, loomed into view.

"Holy Saints and Mary Mother presairve us," ejaculated Pat, "it's Derrick ye've found. Lend a hand here bhoys, and it's havin' him home, bless his sowl, we'll be afther in a minute."

With wonderful gentleness they lifted Derrick's inanimate form, and the little procession set off, one of the men carrying the lantern, while Blossom walked beside them holding a cold, limp hand in hers.

Pat Casey ran on to find the doctor, and he was waiting for them when they arrived. He put Derrick to bed immediately and set about to ascertain the extent of his injuries. An anxious crowd was awaiting him when he reappeared, and a torrent of questions poured out upon him.

"Aisy now, be aisy," he said, imitating Casey's brogue. "Derrick's got a nasty wound, but it's not dangerous. All he wants is rest and careful nursing. Now be off, all of you, or you will tire Miss Blossom to death. Trust me, we'll pull him through all right."

Satisfied, they slowly disappeared, and Blossom was left to watch over Derrick, who was conscious but very weak. Some words, heard while he was lying half-unconscious, were puzzling his tired brain; he tried to think whether he was awake or merely dreaming. In the midst of it he fell into a deep sleep, and the sun was high in the heavens when he awoke to find the doctor waiting by his side.

He was pleased with the state of affairs, and remarked cheerily to Blossom:

"We'll soon have him about again; it only means a little care and attention to rules, &c. But don't you do too much; let Auntie May help you with the nursing; a little extra bustling about won't hurt her, and it will prevent you losing all your roses."

But this Blossom would not tolerate. She nursed Derrick with jealous care, allowing no one to tend him but herself, and it was with difficulty they persuaded her to allow Auntie May to share the night work.

About three weeks later Derrick was reclining in a long lounge chair, one of the doctor's possessions, lent to him during convalescence. He was almost well, but the weakness attendant upon recovery still clung to him, and he lay back in comfortable languor, watching Blossom's white fingers as they flew over the shirt she was mending.

During his illness Blossom's anguished words rang in his head, and to-day he was thinking deeply over them. Could it be possible, he wondered, that Blossom loved him. A sudden desire seized him to find out the truth, to know the worst; anything would be better than this uncertainty.

"Blossom," he said, gently, "come here; I want to speak to you."

The work dropped from her hands and she looked at him with startled eyes.

"Come!" he said, smiling, holding out his hand as she hesitated.

Obediently she rose and went to him and stood shyly looking down at him. He took her hands and held them fast.

"Blossom," he said, scanning her face intently, "do you remember the night you found me?"

She flashed a half-frightened look at him from under her long lashes but said nothing, only a slow blush covered her neck and face.

"You said something to me; I have never forgotten it; it rings in my head day and night. Nay," as she made an attempt to free her hands, "do not leave me. Blossom, was it true, or was I only dreaming? For if it was a dream, then surely it was the sweetest man ever had. But if it be true . . . Oh, Blossom, my wild 'Cherry-Blossom,' tell me it is true, say those words again, say that you love me, you love me, and that my senses did not deceive me that night."

In his excitement he had risen and was holding her to him, gazing at her as though he would read her very soul. For a minute there was silence between them, then Blossom raised her head, her eyes meeting his steadily, saying slowly:—

"It was no dream, Derrick."

A wonderful gladness broke over his face.

"It is true, then," he murmured, "my love, my wife, at last;" and he bent his head to meet her shy, reluctant lips. "But I am so old, Blossom," said Derrick, presently, "it seems wicked to link your youth to my age."

"You are never old to *me*, Derrick," she answered, with sweet seriousness, "and if you are not my husband no other man shall ever call me wife."

There was no need for further speech. Each understood the other, all doubts and misunderstandings had been cleared away, and from henceforward the twain would be as one.



"'IT WAS NO DREAM, DERRICK.'

Famous British Ships

AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

By WALTER WOOD.

The "Queen Charlotte" and Lord Howe: The Glorious First of June.

THE *Queen Charlotte*, three-decker line of battle ship, of 100 guns, Lord Howe's flag-ship on that most memorable day of his life, the Glorious First of June, had a history which in its way is just as fascinating as that of "Black Dick" himself—the sobriquet by which the Earl was known amongst the sailors in his fleet. The *Charlotte* was Howe's favourite three-decker, and when he settled down at Porters Lodge, in Hertfordshire, missing the walks he used to enjoy in the spacious gallery at her stern, he had a library built and fitted up so as to resemble his cabin on board of her. It was from Howe's cabin in the *Charlotte* that the Spithead mutineers in 1797 issued orders that the seamen of the Channel Fleet should swear to be faithful to the cause they had taken up for increased pay and better provision for their wives and families; and it was in this cabin, too, that Howe himself, having been asked to use his influence to quell the mutiny, met the delegates of the disaffected sailors.

It was on the quarter-deck of the *Charlotte*, not a month after the victory off Ushant, that George III., accompanied by the Queen, a prince, three princesses, and a small host of distinguished naval and military men, presented a diamond-hilted sword, of the value of 3,000 guineas, and a splendid gold chain, to be worn about the neck, in recognition of what Lord Howe, who was then seventy years old, had done for his King and country. The scene has been preserved for us in capable, if imaginative, paintings. His Majesty in one of them is handing the sword, and his lordship, with his left hand somewhere on the region of his heart, is receiving it. British valour is represented largely by an officer with a slung Hussar jacket and luxuriant hair, and British beauty by several smirking ladies on the poop and on the gangways. The most life-like people are the Marines, with presented arms and wooden expressions. The actual ceremony was probably not much like this, but we are grateful to the artist for what he did to preserve so historic an incident.

Concerning what is, perhaps, the best known of the paintings depicting the action of the First of June, the story is told that soon after the battle the celebrated marine painter De Loutherbourg was commissioned by an enterprising individual to represent the *Charlotte* engaging the *Montagne*. The picture, measuring 12 feet by 8½ feet, and costing £500, was completed in four years, and was soon afterwards publicly exhibited. There was one great mistake in the canvas, and that was that the *Charlotte* was placed where Howe wanted to get, but never could get. The visitors to the picture included the officer whose duty it was to get the *Charlotte* into the desired position. No sooner did he behold the painting than he pronounced it a libel upon the *Charlotte*, on the ground that if she had been in the

position represented, she would have been at fault in allowing the *Montagne* to escape. The picture gradually sank into disrepute and was ultimately lodged with a print-seller for a debt equal to about a third of its cost. For some years the painting lay in a corner of one of the print-seller's rooms, encased in dust. After this inglorious retirement the work so laboriously carried out was bought by the Surveyor-General of the Board of Works.

It was on the *Charlotte* that that old sea-dog Bowen, the master, when ordered by Howe to starboard the helm as the flag-ship was closing with the *Montagne* on the Glorious First, made a famous little *sotto voce* remark. Bowen observed that if the helm were starboarded they would be on board the *Jacobin*, which was next the *Montagne*, whereupon Howe asked sharply, "What is that to you, sir?" The bluff Englishman growled in return, although he did not intend his chief to hear—"Damn my eyes if *I* care if *you* don't. I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers." He carried out his threat, and a shot from the *Jacobin* cut away the *Charlotte's* fore-topmast, the main-topmast speedily following.

After all her triumphs and honours the *Charlotte* was to vanish in but sorry fashion. In 1800, when off Leghorn as Lord Keith's flag-ship, she was destroyed by fire, some loose hay on the upper deck having become ignited. The shotted guns went off as the flames reached them, and at last Howe's noble old ship, after burning for four and a-half hours, was blown into the air, the powder magazine having exploded. She carried with her no fewer than 673 officers and men, most of her boats having been burned, and escape being impossible.

Some confusion is aroused at times by the statement that the *Queen Charlotte* was the sister of the *Royal George* which capsized at Spithead on August 29th, 1782. That is a mistake. The *Charlotte's* only sister, which was called the *Royal George*, was not launched until 1788, Admiral Kempenfelt's vessel having been launched in 1756. The *Charlotte's* heaviest gun was a 42-pounder.

Howe had a pleasant sense of humour. When the *Charlotte* had returned to Portsmouth after the First he sent for Larcolm, the first lieutenant, a brave man and an excellent officer, who had done his duty nobly in the fight. "Mr. Larcolm," said the earl, "your conduct in the action has been such that it is necessary that you should leave the ship." "Good God, my Lord!" exclaimed the astounded lieutenant, "what have I done? Why am I to leave the ship? I have done my duty to the utmost of my power." "Very true, sir," replied Howe, "but leave this ship you must." Having carried the joke to this point he presented the lieutenant with his commission as commander for his conduct on the First.

Another example of his lordship's pleasantries is furnished in connection with his appetite. He was in his eating extremely moderate and simple, and when he had settled down at Porters Lodge he generally dined alone early in the day. For nearly three weeks his only order to the French cook for dinner was a boiled chicken. At last the *chef*, in desperation, thinking that the severe simplicity of the meal was a reflection on his skill, said to his employer, "Mi Lor, you do not allow me de honour to cook your dinner." "I thought you cooked it every day," said the earl. The *chef* scornfully answered, "I *boil* de shicken, but dere is no cooking in dat." "Then," said Howe, "you may *roast* de shicken to-day."

Nor was Howe too proud of having himself addressed as "My Lord." Bowen was a special offender in this respect and was constantly using the expression. At last Howe said to him, pleasantly enough we may be sure, "Bowen, pray, my good fellow, do give over that eternal 'My Lord, My Lord.' Don't you know I'm called 'Black Dick' in the fleet?"

The genial, brave, cool Admiral of the Fleet and General of Marines died of gout on August 5th, 1799, in his 74th year. He was buried at the family vault in Nottinghamshire, and a splendid monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's from a design by Flaxman. Of Howe, Horace Walpole said that he never made a friendship except at the mouth of a cannon, while Howe himself

declared that he never knew what fear was. As to the respect with which he was regarded by his men, what more need be said than that, like Nelson, he never had a mutiny under him? And this, too, in the age that produced that memorable year of mutinies. From Walpole's description it might be inferred that Howe was a man of stern and forbidding disposition, but, as a matter of fact, he was exceedingly humane. It was his custom after an action to go below and talk to the wounded, while he constantly ordered his wines and live-stock to be applied to their use at the surgeon's discretion. At all times these precious luxuries—precious to a degree that can only be realised by studying life on board ship, even in his Majesty's navy, a century ago—were put by Howe at the disposal of the sick on board his ship.

Having, perhaps, told enough to show what manner of vessel the *Queen*



JAMES, LORD GAMBIER, ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE

Charlotte was, and what sort of commander she had, let us turn to the fight of the First of June, off Ushant, relying for our facts upon that wonderfully painstaking naval historian James, on Sir John Barrow's "Life of Howe," published sixty years ago, and other good sources.

The fight lasted nine hours. Twenty-five British ships, with nearly 17,000 men, fought 26 French ships, with nearly 20,000; the British guns numbering 2,098, and the French, 2,158. Of the British officers and men, 290 were killed and 858 wounded—a total of 1,148. James estimated the total French loss in killed, wounded and prisoners at 7,000. In killed and mortally wounded the loss of the enemy was 3,000. Seven French line-of-battleships were captured, of which six—two 80's and four 74's—were towed into Portsmouth. The *Vengeur*, which made the seventh, foundered as soon as she surrendered.

The figures given by Barrow differ somewhat from those of James. Sir John put the number of British killed at 279 and of wounded at 877, a total of 1156—eight more than the total arrived at by James.

It was the opinion of the French that there would not be a fight on the 1st. After the skirmishes on May 28th and 29th, the British crews, having sat up for three nights, were weary and in need of refreshment. When, between seven and eight o'clock on that memorable Sunday morning, the fleets being about four miles apart and going parallel in line of battle, Howe hove to and gave the men their breakfasts, Captain Troubridge, an English prisoner on the French *Sans Pareil*, was taunted with the remark that "There will be no fight to-day, your admiral will not venture down." The Englishman told his captors to wait a bit—"English sailors never like to fight with empty stomachs," he said. "I see the signal flying for all hands to breakfast, after which, take my word for it, they will pay you a visit." The visit was paid, and the *Sans Pareil* was towed off to England. When the Frenchman had had enough of the fight he sent below for Troubridge and asked him to do him the honour to go on deck and strike his colours. The Englishman suitably declined this singular invitation.

Of the British ships engaged on the First the *Brunswick* suffered most. Her duel with the *Vengeur* is amongst the greatest of such contests in our naval annals. She was second astern of the *Charlotte* in entering the fight, and received much of the fire that was meant for Howe's flag-ship. Before ever she fired a shot her rigging was badly damaged, several of her crew were killed, and her cockpit was filled with wounded. Such was the situation in which the *Brunswick* found herself that she ran foul of the *Vengeur*, her three starboard anchors hooking in the *Vengeur's* port foreshrouds and fore-channels. The two ships immediately swung close to each other, and dropped out of the line. Then a terrible fight began. Such was the eagerness of the English to do something by way of revenge for the loss they had already sustained that, being unable to open eight of the lower deck starboard ports they blew them off and began to pour a deadly fire into the hull of the ship alongside. The musketry of the *Vengeur*, and her 36-pounder poop-carronades, which were loaded with old nails and pieces of iron, killed and wounded many officers and men on the poop and quarter deck of the *Brunswick*. So destructive was this fire from the Frenchman that the *Brunswick* could only reply feebly from her quarter deck, forecastle and poop; but the guns from her two principal decks were worked with desperate energy and telling effect. The *Vengeur* was rolling heavily, and taking advantage of this circumstance the seamen of the *Brunswick* alternately fired into her bottom and ripped up her decks.

This deadly embrace lasted for three hours. In the meantime the *Achille* had borne down to the assistance of the *Vengeur*, with the intention of supporting her by boarding the *Brunswick*. The *Achille* was seen coming, and was received with such a galling fire from some of the *Brunswick's* 32-pounders, to the shot in each of which a double-headed shot had been added, that she could not make the slightest resistance. She struck her colours, but the English ship being utterly unable to take her, she rehoisted them and made off. She was, however, subsequently captured by the *Ramillies*. Just before the *Brunswick* and the *Vengeur* separated the *Ramillies*, commanded by Harvey, brother of the captain of the *Brunswick*, came up, and waited for her chance, being quite a fresh ship, with only two men killed and seven wounded, to complete the work of the *Brunswick*. The *Brunswick* still kept up her fire and shattered the *Vengeur's* stern-post, split her rudder, and made a large hole in her counter, through which great quantities of water rushed into the ship. The *Ramillies*, when only forty yards away from the *Vengeur*, opened fire, and soon the gallant Frenchman lay absolutely helpless, and in a sinking state. The *Ramillies*, suddenly seeing that the *Achille* was making off, left the *Brunswick* and the *Vengeur*, and pursued and caught her, without opposition.

The *Vengeur*, seeing that the end was near, displayed a Union Jack over her counter in token of submission, and as a sign that she wished to be relieved. But all the *Brunswick's* boats had been shot away, and water was rushing in

through the lower deck ports at every roll, so that for her to give assistance was impossible. What the *Brunswick* could not do was done, however, by three of the British ships which now came up. The boats of the *Alfred* took off 213 men, and those of the *Culloden* and the *Rattler* as many more. When, therefore, the *Vengeur* went down she could not, says James, have had many men in addition to the badly wounded who sank with her. According to that writer the *Vengeur* went down with more than 200 men; Barrow puts the number as high as 320, whilst a very recent naval writer gives it as 356, mostly wounded.

Of the *Brunswick's* seventy-four guns no fewer than twenty-three were dismounted, and of her crew of 630, three officers and forty-one men were killed, and her captain, Harvey, was mortally wounded. The *Brunswick's* total loss was 158 killed and wounded. Harvey fought his ship in the most heroic manner. He was first wounded by a musket-ball, which shot off three of the fingers of his right hand; then he was knocked down by a splinter and seriously hurt. Soon afterwards his right arm was struck by the crown of a double-headed shot, which had split, and he was forced to go below. Before leaving the deck Harvey urged his men to persevere and continue the fight bravely for the honour of England and the King. "Remember my last words," he said; "the colours of the *Brunswick* shall never be struck!" On the evening after the action Harvey's arm was amputated, but the gallant captain died on the 30th of June, owing, it was thought, to the splinter wound.

Before Harvey fell, the laced hat on the figure-head of the *Brunswick* was shot off. The story goes that the crew of the ship considered that it was a degradation for even the wooden representation of a prince of the House of Brunswick to remain uncovered in the presence of the enemy, and they accordingly sent a deputation to the captain begging him to order his servant to fetch his own laced hat to supply the loss. Harvey promptly and good-humouredly complied with the crew's request, and the carpenter nailed the captain's headdress on the damaged figure-head, and there it remained until the battle ended.

Of the French ships the *Vengeur*, as we have seen, suffered terribly. The *Amérique* also was severely handled before she was taken by the English. The *Leviathan* opened fire upon her, and in about an hour her foremast was shot away, and in the end her main and mizenmasts were brought down, the latter by the board, by the *Leviathan's* shot, so that the Frenchman was left a mere log on the water. The *Amérique* had more than one-third of her crew killed and wounded. Two of her guns were dismounted, and one burst and killed seven men. A similar calamity befell the English ship *Cæsar*, on board of which a 24-pounder burst, killing two men, and wounding three. Seven of the *Cæsar's* guns were disabled by the enemy's shot.

The *Queen Charlotte* was badly punished in the fight. Her masts, yards, and rigging were so much damaged that the vessel became unmanageable and could scarcely keep steerage-way. Not long after the action began the *Charlotte* found herself opposed to one French 120 and two 80-gun ships. She was unsupported at that time, and her position was so critical that if the French admiral had done what he ought to have done the British flagship must either have been sunk or forced to surrender. Having escaped this serious danger the *Charlotte* was put in another situation almost as perilous. While she was expecting and making ready to receive the fire of the *Républicain*, a three-decker, the Frenchman's main and mizen masts came down by the board. The *Républicain* at once bore up, but although she went within gun-shot astern of the *Charlotte* she passed without firing, owing to the confusion on board. Had the *Républicain* seized this favourable chance the British flag-ship could have been very severely punished by her fire. The *Charlotte* herself had poured into the stern of the *Montagne*, as she passed through the French line, so tremendous a broadside that according to the account of one of the sailors the admiral's barge could have been rowed through the hole that was made.

Notwithstanding his damaged state Howe stood away to the protection of the *Queen*, of 90 guns and 767 men, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Gardner; and he gave the signal for other ships also to go to her support. The *Queen* had suffered heavily. Her main and mizen-masts had fallen, her foremast and bowsprit had been shot through in several places, her rigging cut to pieces, and all her sails rendered useless. Her chief antagonist was the *Scipion*, which she mauled severely. At one time the *Scipion's* crew were driven, with heavy loss, from their quarters, but some came on deck and by waving their hats signified that they surrendered. Prior to this her colours had been shot away twice and then re-hoisted at the mizen top-gallant mast head. When the signal of submission was made by the *Scipion* the *Queen* was too much disabled to take possession, and before her consorts could come up and secure the prize the Frenchman had been towed off. The *Queen's* loss was not so heavy as might have been expected, her killed numbering fourteen seamen and marines and her wounded four officers and thirty-six seamen and marines—a total of fifty-four. The French estimate of the *Scipion's* loss was sixty-four men killed and 151 wounded. Seventeen of her guns were dismounted and her furnaces were knocked down, the hot shot in them being scattered about the ship and putting her in great danger of destruction by fire. According to the French account the *Scipion* discharged from her first and second batteries alone no fewer than 1,440 round shot.

The *Defence*, Captain Gambier, and the *Marlborough*, Captain Berkeley, both of seventy-four guns, each carrying 600 men, suffered very heavy loss. Each was totally dismasted, the *Marlborough's* loss being no fewer than 115 killed and wounded. Gambier was a man of strict moral and religious principles. When two of the *Defence's* masts had been shot away the *Républicain* was seen bearing down upon her. The lieutenant of the after-part of the main-deck, seeing the towering opponent approaching, dashed to the quarter-deck and exclaimed to Gambier, "Damn my eyes, sir, but here's a whole mountain coming upon us! What shall we do?" The captain solemnly replied, "How dare you, sir, at this awful moment, come to me with an oath in your mouth? Go down, sir, and encourage your men to stand to their guns, like brave British seamen." The three-decker came up and shot away the foremast of the *Defence*, the only mast she had left. The *Defence* was ultimately forced to signal for help, and she was taken in tow by the *Phæton*, a frigate. When the fight was over a rollicking Irishman, Captain Pakenham, of the *Invincible*, a seventy-four, who had himself lost fourteen killed and thirty-one wounded, hailed Gambier as he passed with, "Well, Jimmy, I see you're pretty well mauled. But never mind, Jimmy—Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

Of this same Pakenham, Lady Mary Howe, the earl's second daughter, has told with the most delightful simplicity that Tom, having "fired away in a very rude style" on one of the French men-of-war, and observing that they did not answer the compliment in the way he expected, stopped his fire, and wished to know if the ship had struck. Upon receiving a negative answer honest Tom shouted wrathfully, "Then, damn ye, why don't ye fire?" This firebrand also bore down on another Frenchman, and gave him a broadside for having had the effrontery to shoot away the topmasts of a ship commanded by a bosom friend. Pakenham, with an oath—they were fond of swearing in those days—said, "I'll pay you for that;" and he bore down and paid accordingly.

One of the most curious incidents of the day occurred on board the *Marlborough*. It is said that when the gallant ship was lying dismasted, and the captain and second lieutenant had been severely wounded, a whisper of surrender was heard. Lieutenant Monckton overheard the murmur, and swore that the ship should never surrender, and that he would nail her colours to the stump of a mast. At this critical moment a cock which had been liberated from a wrecked coop suddenly appeared, perched himself on the stump of the main-mast, and crowed

exultantly. Instantly loud cheers rang throughout the *Marlborough*, and nothing more was heard of surrender. The ship was almost at this moment towed off to a position of safety by the *Aquilon* frigate. The historic fowl was preciously cared for and taken home, where he lived in honourable retirement for some years, undisturbed by thoughts of appeasing the appetite of man.

Some other curious particulars relating to the First are given in a letter, written a month after the action, by Lady Mary Howe to her sister, Lady Altamont. Her ladyship's lettter is amusing, if not quite accurate, and is at times somewhat imaginative. For instance, she says that the French fleet had 470 guns more than the English, whereas James's estimate shows that the number was not more than sixty. Lady Mary's vivacious account states that at one time the *Marlborough* was so close to two of the enemy's vessels that one of the sailors said he would go and visit some of the Frenchmen on board their own ships. When he was about to leap over, one of his comrades told him to take a cutlass, but he refused to do so, saying that he should "find one there." The bold tar after his unceremonious visit returned in triumph with two French cutlasses in his possession. The story savours somewhat of tallness, but it may well be true, for according to the Captain's own account the *Marlborough* was engaged for twenty minutes with the *Impétueux*, which lay exposed to such a severe fire that every creature was driven from her decks. "Some of my men boarded her," says Captain Berkeley, "but were called back."

The horrors of the cockpits of the *Queen* and the *Invincible* were somewhat relieved by the conduct of the men who had been in the engagement of the 29th of May, and had had their arms cut off. These brave fellows went below to help the surgeons and encourage the wounded who were to undergo the same operation, by assuring them that the amputation was much less painful than it seemed to be, and that they themselves felt no pain from their wounds.

Some strange tales were set afloat by French writers concerning the action. One of the most singular of these created much talk at the time and threw an entirely new light on Howe's character. According to that veracious narrative an aspiring young gentleman of the name of Bouvet, who had already received three wounds, and whose left arm was suspended in a sling, asked leave, when the *Charlotte* was re-advancing to attack the *Montagne*, to sweep the English admiral from the deck. The permission was given, and the young gentleman, although peppered from the *Charlotte's* tops, his garments riddled with bullets, his hat pierced in three places, and having received five fresh wounds as the price of his temerity, discharged a 36-pounder carronade, and had the joy of beholding Lord Howe fly from the spot as fast as he could, making the signal for the rest of his ships to follow. The French account does not explain how M. Bouvet managed, when he appears to have been more like a sieve than anything else, to discharge the weapon, but the writer adds that it was ordered that 300 francs should be paid to him as a "national recompense" for his courage and his wounds. A sum equal to £20 was surely a low estimate of the worth of such distinguished valour.

The victory of the First of June cannot be regarded by Englishmen with unalloyed satisfaction, for on that memorable occasion many of the British ships behaved badly. There was, according to one officer high in command, a good deal of misconduct and disobedience to orders by several of the captains. Time, however, seemed to show that this unfortunate state of things arose not from cowardice or wilful neglect to obey orders, but from the inability of some of the captains, owing to the bad sailing of their ships, to do as Howe commanded them. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Captain Molloy, of the *Cæsar*, having, owing to the unfavourable criticisms passed upon his conduct, demanded a Court-martial, was dismissed from the command of the *Cæsar*. It is only fair, however, to add that the finding of the Court was that on this, as in many previous actions, Molloy's personal courage was unimpeachable.

The *Cæsar*, in the skirmish of the 29th of May, was appointed to lead the van in the order of battle. This was done at the special request of Sir Roger Curtis, the captain of the *Queen Charlotte*, but much against the opinion of Howe. In the course of the day Howe, in view of certain things which had happened, nominated another ship to take the place of the *Cæsar*, but Curtis pleaded that Molloy should have another trial, and Howe, ever anxious to avoid harsh treatment of his subordinates, consented, saying, however, "You have mistaken your man; I have not." On the First the *Cæsar* hauled up instead of, according to the order of the Commander-in-chief, going through the enemy's line. Howe, who saw from the poop of the *Charlotte* what Molloy had done, tapped Curtis on the shoulder, and pointing to the *Cæsar* said: "Look, Curtis, there goes your friend. Who is mistaken now?"

James points out that thirteen or fourteen English line-of-battle ships had not even a top-gallant mast shot away in the action, and that some of these vessels ought to have secured at least four of the dismasted Frenchmen. As things were the French admiral recovered his four crippled ships, and by 6.15 p.m. he was completely out of sight, with the exception of a frigate that had been left to reconnoitre. Such was the condition of the French prizes and of many of the English ships that Howe could not make sail until the morning of the 3rd of June. His voyage home was uneventful, and he anchored with his prizes at Spithead on the morning of the 13th.


CONSULTING THE FATES:
A SOUVENIR OF THE ELECTIONS.
Macbeth Act I. Scene 3.
GRIP
JOE BAGSTOCK AND HIS VALET (Dombey & Son)
"Joey C. is tough sir, tough and de-evilish sly!"
"THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS"


OFFICE
HISTORY REVERSED;
JOSEPH SELLING HIS BRETHREN.
GRIP
L^D R— as Puck: "What fools these mortals be!"
POLLING BOOTH
TORY WORKINGMEN
Sir W. H— as DIOGENES
LOOKING FOR THE
LIBERAL PARTY.

Her Mistake.

BY WALTER E. GROGAN.

"ALL women are angels, Jack."

"Yes, at one period of their lives. Fortunately it is only a momentary freak," I answer, smiling.

My host moves restlessly in his chair. He is a fine specimen of ripened English manhood. Six feet, broad shouldered, a rugged, plain, honest face, clean shaven, framed in short, thick, frosted black hair. He is over fifty, and I am —well, age in years matters very little, and George Baker is as young in heart now as when we both went to our first meet at Stover, over thirty years ago.

It is after dinner—the lights are beautifully shaded, the wine is excellent, and we are alone. The curtains are drawn across the windows, which look out into a wild night. We can hear the wind bursting up the Torwood Valley, and I know that the bay is one sheet of foam. The fire burns noisily, and I am in that contented frame of mind which comes after a good dinner. Not so my host. A shade has crossed his easily read face. He is ill at ease, perhaps a trifle annoyed. Dear old George!

"Jack, I know you never mean half you say."

"A trick I learnt when reading for the Bar," I assent.

"But I don't like the flippant way you have of discussing women. It is a phase of modern life, of course, and it means as much as most phases. I daresay it will die away again in a year or so, but I don't like it, Jack, I don't like it."

He moves his plate jerkily, cracks a walnut roughly, and smashes the kernel. He is evidently upset.

"Why don't you marry, George?" I ask. "Are you afraid of losing your chivalrous opinion of the sex?"

I have often wondered why some designing woman—of course we know that there are such women, although equally, of course, *we* have never met them—had not made him a prize. I should have thought him an easy victim. I am thankful that it is not so, for Torquay is a nice place to stay at—quiet, of course, but after London one does not mind that. Besides, "The Oaks" is in the very best part, perched on the top of the Warberry Hill, and the view is the most beautiful I know in the world. And George is my friend; I should be sorry to see his life spoiled. The *ménage* at "The Oaks" lacks nothing. It is like a perfect salad, and one drop more of vinegar in the shape of a wife would spoil the whole.

"No, Jack. It was not that."

There is a new tone in my old friend's voice, something like the hushed tenderness with which we speak of some old sorrow which has grown into a sacred remembrance. I heard that same tone once beneath an Indian sky, when a man told me of his little child who had been dead twenty years. I scent a story. I know my friend—none better. Silently I select a cigar, bite off the end—I never use those new fangled cutters—light it, and lean back in my chair. He will speak soon, I know.

"No, it was not that," he repeats, dreamily. I smoke on stolidly. George reaches across for the cigars, I push them towards him, he selects one, looks at it, and puts it down again.



"I REACH ACROSS THE TABLE AND GRASP HIS HAND"

"Jack, old boy,"—it is coming, I know—"we have been chums a long time."

"Flogged at Eton, together," I say, laconically. If that doesn't establish a life-long friendship, I don't know what will.

"I'm going to tell you a story, to-night, which you have never heard."

I say nothing. Silence with two men growing old together—yes, I know I am growing old—two men who have been always the same to each other through many years and many sorrows is the purest eloquence I know.

"I don't know why I never told it you before, I can hardly say why I am telling it to you now. It is a little episode in my life which happened when you were in India. It dawned very brightly and then—well, I couldn't write about it, and when you came back it was like opening an old wound. It would have done no good, and—well, you understand, old boy, you understand."

I reach across the table and grasp his hand. We look into each other's eyes, while the memory of the long years we have known each other steals mistily into them. George drops my hand at last, and says brusquely:—

"Help yourself."

I nod.

"I was over thirty, then, you remember, blessed with wealth, health and a free conscience."

Yes, I remember that. George had always been a good companion, a fine athlete, and an excellent all-round sportsman.

"Life was very pleasant. I had no near relatives, but a host of friends made up for that. I don't know," with a gleam of that kindly humour which is char-

acteristic of him, "but that the want of relatives might not be included in my list of blessings. Hunting, shooting, boating, cricket filled up my time. There was a lot of decent fellows living in Torquay then, and we had a right good time of it. I knew everybody, and most of them seemed to like me. Odd, wasn't it?"

"Very," I answer with a smile. These little pleasantries have the value of old wine with us.

"I was not much of a lady's man. I was too ill at ease in their society for that; for all my strength and six feet of height, I adored them, as a sex, in my rough manner, but, bless them, they never knew it. Well, one day, when you were safe in India, getting mauled by tigers, a girl came to visit the Thompsons—you remember the Thompsons, of Derbyshire, Jack?"

"Yes, made money in coal. Nice fellow, Thompson."

"Very. He's dead, poor old boy; killed by the drop in Eries. Over-speculation. One day I strolled over to Cliff Prospect—they had that place then. I did not even know they were expecting any one down, so when I was ushered into the drawing-room, I was startled to find myself alone with a young girl—a stranger. I got hot all over, and believe I should have backed out of the room if possible."

Poor old George. I remember his diffidence with a smile: such a modest, retiring sort of fellow in the drawing-room—such a lion in the field.

"I murmured something—I don't know what it was. I think I apologised, which, of course, was absurd. She smiled, such a merry, enchanting smile—hang it, Jack, don't look like that, I will leave all the trimmings out of my tale. She smiled, and I fell in love with that smile in the complete, headstrong manner in which I did everything. We chatted pleasantly, and I found that her name was Beatrice Beavis. She was a bright, cheerful little woman, Jack, and I went home thoroughly bowled over. Well, you can guess the rest of it. It is the usual story, I suppose, although it was new to me, and I believed that no one had ever loved as I did."

George lights his cigar here, and I notice it goes out almost immediately.

"I spoke to her a fortnight after. It was in the evening."

"These sort of things generally do happen in the evening," I interject.

"We had been to an evening at home at the Smiths at Teignmouth, and were driving home. A merry party, Jack, a very merry party, and I had almost forgotten my old restraint. Someone looked out of the window of our carriage and exclaimed, 'What a lovely moon!' Then Trixie—I had learnt to call her Trixie, Jack—said, 'Oh, let us walk to that point and look at it.' We all fell in with the idea, and bundled out of the carriage. We were all young."

"Very young," this drily, from me.

"Yes, very young. It was that headland at the top of the hill which goes down so steeply to Shaldon. The moon was full and flooding the bay with her silver. The lights of Teignmouth smiled at us over the water, and Babbacombe nestled in the moon's brilliancy far away on our right. A ripple lazily ruffled the water, dusking it here and there, and the shadows were deep and cool. A band was playing on the Teignmouth pier, and the music floated to us, soothed, on the soft summer air. Ah, Jack, such a night is only for us once or twice in a lifetime."

"Luckily for us," I growl. "Such nights make fools of us, and the mornings after are generally grey."

He takes no notice of me, but continues.

"We got separated from the others, Trixie and I. I don't know how it was, possibly Fate weaving the threads of our lives together—for a time. She was dressed in white. A tress of her golden hair had strayed from its fastening, and curled lovingly on her neck. She had taken off one glove, and her little hand, white in the moonlight, lay on the rough fence which bordered the cliff. I spoke to her then,

told her I loved her, almost roughly, for I felt so much, and she looked up at me and smiled.

"I was so happy for the next few days, so happy that I hardly knew what I was doing. My old pointer used to look up enquiringly at me when I laughed to myself. He could not understand it, poor old fellow, for he knew the autumn was far off, and the birds sacred."

I poured out another glass of the Veuve Clicquot—it was really excellent.

"Then a fellow came to stay at Cliff Prospect. He was an artist, poor, but clever. I rather liked him, and he took to me. I do not know why, because art was never very much in my line. I don't even know a water-colour from an oil, but we got on together very well. He was very handsome, but effeminate—a delicate, weak sort of fellow. I have seen him go as white as a sheet after a gallop, and I rather pitied him, I think, because the whole of the Thompson set were strong, healthy fellows, who only cared for sport and consequently looked down on him. I could never understand why they asked him down. Well, two or three days after he knew me, he asked my leave to paint Trixie. I was only too proud to let him."

"You were very young for thirty, my dear George."

"You see, old boy, I thought it was a sort of charity to him. Well, she was always sitting to him and the picture did not seem to grow much. Looking back now with the light of after-knowledge, I know Trixie began to drop all her wilful little airs, and was kinder and more considerate of my feelings. Fool that I was. I only noticed it in a half-conscious manner. I thought she was growing fonder of me and was glad. I did not understand that she was hiding the truth from herself.

"One day she came in when I was in the library. She did not see me, but went straight to the window and looked out over the bay, where the night mists were beginning to gather. The library was rather dark, and I sat still watching her figure outlined against the window with a half smile of content. Suddenly she sighed, and looking more closely at her I saw her eyes were full of tears.

"'Trixie,' I said.

"She started at the sound of my voice, and, turning round, came quickly to me.

"'Oh, George, George!' she said, and then burst into wild weeping.

"I did what I could to comfort her, roughly enough. It was a hopeless sort of weeping, which made my heart grow very cold. For the first time I seemed to wake from the happy dream which had been my life for the past few weeks.

"'Trixie,' I said; I could not say more. I felt helpless, hopeless, holding her in my arms. Every sob shook her frame, and I could feel her trembling as—— Jack, you know how weak and pitiful a man feels at such a time."

He paused. Poor old George. There was a thickness in his voice which told me that the old time was still very real to him.

"I stroked her hair and she let me. Then when she grew a little quieter I turned her tear-stained face towards mine and, bending down, peered into it. The twilight was deepening very quickly.

"'What is it Trixie?' I asked.

"She looked at me once, a long, long look, and then tore my hands away and got up.

"'Can't you guess?' she asked.

"Then I knew my little romance was ended.

"'You—you have ceased to—to care for me,' I said. I think it was more of a question than a statement, although I knew what the answer was going to be.

"'No, no, I care for you just the same as ever—but—but—now I love——!'

"That hurt me, Jack, more than the other. It would have been something that she had loved me. But I was to give all up—all. She went on glibly enough while I sat silent in the darkness.

"'I never loved you, George. I thought I did, but it was a mistake. I liked you. I knew you were good. I admired you and I thought I loved you. And then *he* came——'

"'The artist?' I asked hoarsely.

"'Yes. Oh, George, I am so unhappy. Can't you see how it hurts me to tell you all this? Can't you see? Can't you see?'

"Jack, the next minute was the worst I ever had. I sat gazing into the darkness, fighting all the devil in me. Thank God, I did not let her see that. I



"'WHAT IS IT, TRIXIE?'

could have cursed him for coming between us—but then I remembered she had never loved me. Besides, how could he help loving her? I stood up.

"'Trixie,' I said.

"I am afraid my voice was a little unsteady, but she did not notice it.

"'Trixie, you have made a mistake. Don't cry over it, it is not worth crying over. It is only a mistake. We ought to be thankful—we ought both of us to be thankful that you found it out in time.'

"'George,' was all she said, but I noticed with a heavy heart the dawning of hope in her tone.

"I went on, hurriedly.

"'Don't think that I care very much. Of course I—I am sorry—but I shall get over it, and we must always be great friends—always.'

"I heard a door slammed outside, and went on quickly, for fear someone should interrupt us.

"'Maurice is a nice fellow.'

"I could feel she smiled then, but it was too dark for me to have seen if I had looked at her, and I was staring out of the window.

"'He deserves his luck; he will—I wish you both every happiness.'

"The door opened. Maurice came in. Trixie went towards him, but he could not see her at first. She went straight up to him and put her hands on his arm. He said 'Trixie.' There was a whole world of love in that one little word, it made me wince. Trixie said nothing. Slowly she led him across to the window where I was standing. When Maurice saw me, he started; I knew he felt it badly, so I went up to him and put my hand on his shoulder.

"'Maurice,' I said—I had never called him Maurice before, but it seemed natural then—'Trixie and I have come to the conclusion that we have made a mistake. May you be happy.'

"He caught my hand in his and wrung it hard, and I was glad of the pain it gave me. I think he guessed the real version. He said nothing, but stood there in the darkness with my hand in his. Then I went out, closing the door after me."

George stops, and I look over the table at him. He is staring at nothing, and there is almost a smile on his lips. For an instant we sit in silence, and then he turns to me.

"That is all," he says, simply.

"And Maurice?" I ask.

"His surname was Lang—Maurice Lang, the R.A."

"The man you introduced so persistently years ago—the man whom you helped often, who owes everything to you?" I ask, in wonderment.

"He had genius; I did very little."

What a story of self-sacrifice, told as though it were the most natural thing in the world. It upsets my own cynical theories unpleasantly.

"Try another glass of wine, Jack," he says, presently.

"Thanks," I answer. "That Clicquot of yours is very good. George, your cigar has gone out. Shall I give you a light?"

Women of Note.

MADAME PATTI.

THE return this season of Madame Patti to the operatic stage, was hailed with satisfaction by all classes of the community, and old playgoers are ready to declare that time has laid his hand gently on the great prima donna, and that her voice has added a mellowed charm to its sweetness



Photo by Sindle Bros.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI

which was wanting at an earlier period of her career. Her *petite* figure and personal attractions, allied to a vivacious disposition, makes it almost impossible to believe that the subject of this short sketch is over fifty years of age. But the

birthdays of celebrities, like those of the Royal Family, are common property, and it is a stern fact that Madame Patti, who is of mixed Italian and Spanish descent, made her first appearance on this terrestrial sphere at Madrid, so long ago as February, 1843. The first few years of her life were spent in America, and when only eight, she made her debût in New York. In 1861 her appearance at Covent Garden Theatre in "La Sonambula" marked an era in the musical history, and from that time her success has been unbroken, and no artist has been so cordially



Photo by W. & D. Downey

MRS. LANGTRY

received by the different capitals and courts of Europe as this gifted songstress.

In 1866 Adelina Patti married the Marquis de Caux, equerry to Napoleon III., and a member of one of the oldest families in France. This union was not so successful as its chief promoter, the Empress Eugénie, had hoped that it would be, and husband and wife separated a few years later. Her second marriage with Signor Ernest Nicolini, a well-known tenor, has proved a most

suitable alliance, and the last few years have probably been the happiest of Madame Patti's life. In her Welsh home, Craig-y-Nos Castle, she is surrounded by every luxury and comfort, and entertains extensively. Large sums have been expended on the house and estate, and a bijou theatre, with many other additions, have rendered this charming residence all that the most exacting châtelaine can desire.

Mrs. Langtry.

Since Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. painted the Jersey Lily during her first London



Photo by Window and Grove

Miss Kate Rorke

season, Mrs. Langtry has played many rôles and won fame and fortune for herself in two hemispheres. Only a few weeks since, I was comparing the simple girlish face, in quaint cottage bonnet, with the photograph of the society beauty and popular actress, which adorns this page, and could find few points of resemblance.



Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

The blue eyes and luxuriant tresses are still there, but the features are more strongly marked, the expression has changed and the figure has developed. A handsome woman still, but of a totally different type, and with the perfect self possession of the travelled woman of the world. In her pretty house in Chelsea Mrs. Langtry has surrounded herself with the spoils of many lands, which, with the glowing masses of colour formed by rich draperies, picturesque furniture and lovely ornaments, presents a kaleidoscope of almost Oriental splendour. This lady's extreme love for the sea may be accounted for by her earlier years being spent in the Channel Islands, where as the only daughter of the Dean of Jersey and Mrs. Le Breton, she had ample opportunities for indulging herself in this respect. Later this favourite of Fortune provided herself with the "White Ladye," one of the finest private yachts afloat, and fitted it in the most magnificent manner. As "Mr. Jersey" she has also had some success in the racing world, and is passionately fond of horses and dogs. Without



Photo by W. & D. Downey

MISS JULIA NEILSON

being exactly a genius one cannot help feeling that Mrs. Langtry is a conscientious and painstaking actress, and her personal attractions give a *cachet* to every part she adopts. She is seen to greatest advantage in comedy, but the characters she has portrayed have been very varied and include such diverse rôles as Rosalind, Cleopatra, the Queen of Manoa and Agatha Tylden. Mrs. Langtry is taking her latest play, "Gossip," through the provinces, where she is a universal favourite.

MISS KATE RORKE.

THIS charming young actress commenced her theatrical career in 1878, and has since gradually won her way to public favour both in this country and America, where she accompanied Mr. Wyndham in 1882. While in Mr. Thorne's Company, Miss Rorke achieved a great success as Sophia, in Mr. Buchanan's play, "Tom



Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

MISS LILY HANBURY

Jones." Later she joined Mr. Hare at the Garrick Theatre, where in the principal female rôle, Leslie Brudenell in "The Profligate," she showed great dramatic talent. Light comedy parts are best suited to this lady's powers, where her simple manner, unaffected acting and natural grace, have free scope. Miss Rorke is the wife of Mr. E. W. Gardiner, himself an actor of considerable repute.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

NATURAL talent combined with personal magnetism has, in a comparatively short space of time, given Mrs. Patrick Campbell a foremost place among the leading English actresses of the day. She also possesses youth and beauty, two important factors of success, and with these combined attractions it is impossible to say to what dizzy heights in the profession this fascinating woman may aspire, supposing

she retains her health and has average luck. Mrs. Campbell had been acting for some time in Mr. Ben Greet's company, and at the Adelphi Theatre, before she took London by storm as Paula Tanqueray, under the management of Mr. Alexander. From the first line to the last she embodied her part, and the acting was so perfect that it ceased to be acting and, as far as the audience was concerned, was absolute reality. As the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith she played a character drawn on similar lines, but inferior to her original rôle, and wanting in those fine and subtle touches which rendered the Second Mrs. Tanqueray one of the greatest successes witnessed by the present generation of play-goers. Like all artistic-natured women Mrs. Patrick Campbell has many sides to her character. In her handsome flat in Ashley Gardens she is a perfect hostess, and it is to nature rather than art that she owes her beauty of complexion and other attractive features. A musician of no mean power, like many others who have adopted the stage as a profession, this talent was cultivated before it was discovered in which direction the true bent of her genius lay; but no one who has seen Mrs. Campbell behind the footlights can doubt for a moment that she has now chosen her true vocation.

Miss Julia Neilson.

Miss Julia Neilson, the wife of Mr. Fred Terry, was born in London in 1869. She was educated in Germany, but returned to this country for the purpose of studying at the Royal Academy of Music, when fifteen years of age. Here she met with unqualified success and carried off several important prizes, including the Sainton-Dolby prize, the Westmoreland scholarship and the Llewellyn Thomas gold medal for declamatory singing. At the suggestion of Sir Joseph Barnby, Miss Neilson turned her attention to the stage, and having obtained an introduction to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, was cast for the part of Cynisca in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the Lyceum in 1888. Other engagements followed in rapid succession, and in 1889 she appeared at the Haymarket Theatre as Julie in "A Man's Shadow." Mr. Tree, appreciating Miss Neilson's talents, retained her in his company, and when the "Dancing Girl" was produced she assumed the part of Drusilla Ives and proved that her histrionic powers were of no mean order. Another rôle in which Miss Neilson showed to great advantage was that of "Hypatia." Though this play was mounted in the most perfect manner, and acted with consummate skill, for some unexplained reason it did not appeal to the British public and had only a short run. Since then Mrs. Terry has appeared in the "Ideal Husband," and scored another of her many successes. An actress must spend a considerable portion of her time in the theatre to which she is attached, but this does not prevent Mrs. Terry from appreciating the charms of home life; and she is devoted to her children (a tiny boy and girl) and the prettily furnished flat which she has occupied ever since her marriage.

Miss Lily Hanbury.

Mrs. Fred Terry and Miss Lily Hanbury are first cousins, and somewhat resemble each other in physique and style of acting. Both are handsome types of Englishwomen, and though the latter is four years younger than Mrs. Terry, she made her début in the same play, "Pygmalion and Galatea." After playing minor parts at several theatres, Miss Hanbury was engaged by Mr. Alexander to play the title-rôle in "Lady Windermere's Fan," and was very happy in her portrayal of this difficult part. Afterwards, Miss Hanbury went on tour with Mr. Tree, and has since appeared in most of the plays produced under this popular actor's management at the Haymarket Theatre, where her abilities as an actress are highly appreciated.

F. M. G.

The Wendall Bank Case.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

I BELIEVE few professions see so much of the seamy side of life as do solicitors in active practice. Some clergymen in the poorest and lowest districts of our great cities are no doubt oftener brought in contact with sufferers from keen poverty and its concomitants, drink and debauchery; but this class is only one of many that comes under the heading I have in mind. The medical brotherhood, too, have curious and saddening experiences amongst their poorer patients, but to the lawyer is opened out a larger field, embracing all sorts and conditions of men, from the most wretched pilferer to the high class rogue.



"MR. WENDALL WALKED INTO MY ROOM"

The particular case which has brought these thoughts uppermost in my mind may perhaps be recognised by some who peruse this story, but in order to avoid unnecessary pain I shall omit the real names of the chief actors in the scenes.

Among our most lucrative and esteemed clients was Josiah Wendall, the head of the well-known firm of private bankers of Wendall, Holmes and Co.

When Mr. Wendall walked into my room early one morning some years ago, I noticed immediately that some matter of serious importance was troubling him. There was no jovial salutation, as was his wont, but, instead, his face bore the im-

pression of grief and sorrow. Without preamble he commenced, as he sat down by my side. "Mr. Halton, I am sorely upset and want your advice; not so much professionally as privately, as a friend."

I expressed my sympathy in a few words and waited for him to proceed.

Mr. Wendall was a rich man, and his affairs, I had ample knowledge of knowing, were prosperous and thriving, so I did not attribute his worry to money matters.

"I scarcely know how to commence," began Mr. Wendall, "for my story inculpates without a shadow of doubt one whom I have always looked upon as the soul of honour and who is endeared to me as much for his own good qualities as also for his father's sake. Even now, with every circumstance pointing to his guilt, I cannot believe him criminal. However, I will give you the facts so far as they are known and then, perhaps, we may find some opening to work upon.

"You are aware, Mr. Halton, that my nephew, Frank Wendall, holds the responsible position of chief cashier in our bank?"

I signified my assent to this question, and he continued:—

"Now, as such, he has the right to enter the safe-room during business hours. This right is also enjoyed by the manager and myself and my partner Holmes, and no one else is ever permitted to go into that room save the four persons I have just named.

"As it happens, the manager is away on his holiday, and before he left last Saturday the cash, notes, and other securities were checked, and all was correct, so that we can leave him out of the affair, which is now narrowed down to three persons.

"Yesterday, after the doors were closed, the books were made up, and the cash and notes checked in the usual way, when it was discovered that £3,000 in notes were missing."

"Excuse me for a moment," I interrupted, "but are they still unaccounted for?"

My client seemed rather surprised at the question, for he answered somewhat irascibly:—

"Yes, of course, or I shouldn't be troubling you."

At his reply I rang my bell and desired the clerk who answered it to ask my partner, Robert Graceman, to come down to my room if he was in.

While he was gone with his message I explained to Mr. Wendall that I thought Mr. Graceman's advice on such a serious matter would be far more valuable than mine.

While I was speaking, Graceman came in, and these two old friends greeted each other warmly.

"How's my little godchild, Trixie?" asked Robert Graceman.

The smile of welcome passed away from Mr. Wendall's brow at the question, and he replied gravely:—

"I'm afraid, Graceman, that the news she will soon have to hear will break her heart."

Beatrice, or Trixie as she was usually called, was Josiah Wendall's only child, and the apple of his eye. The fact that my partner, Robert Graceman, had stood godfather for her shows the terms of friendship which had existed between the two men for many years.

At the serious, and to him strange reply of his friend, Graceman turned to me with the remark: "What's the matter?"

"Tell him, Halton," said Mr. Wendall.

So I repeated, shortly and as concisely as possible, the opening incidents I had just heard.

As the elucidation of the disappearance of the notes and the final result of the affair passed hereafter through Graceman's hands, I shall set down the rest of the story in narrative form as the various details were unravelled.

"What has all this got to do with Trixie?" asked Graceman.

"Although I have no authority for saying so beyond what my common sense tells me, yet I am sure that Frank and Trixie look upon each other with more affection than their cousinly relationship might justify," replied Mr. Wendall.

"What does Frank say to the loss of the notes?" was Graceman's next enquiry.

"He can give no explanation; he's as much in the dark as the rest of us," replied Frank's uncle.

"When the loss was discovered, it was at first naturally assumed to be a mistake in the counting; but after repeatedly checking no alteration could be made, and Frank sent one of the clerks up to my house for me whilst he remained with those of the clerks who had been engaged with him.



"FOR A FEW MOMENTS HE PONDERED"

"When I received his message I hurried back to the Bank, and we had all the business done since the last checking gone through, but still there remained that unaccountable discrepancy of £3,000. Frank then suggested we should examine the contents of the safe, in the hope that the packet of notes might have fallen down somewhere; so he and a couple of the other clerks emptied the room whilst I looked on. As each bag of coin or package of notes was returned they were carefully and anxiously scanned; but we had our trouble for nothing. As no one could suggest anything further, we locked up for the night, leaving the watchman in charge.

"When I arrived at the Bank this morning Holmes was already there, and Frank had related the whole of the circumstances to him.

"'This is a bad business, Wendall,' he began; 'a very unpleasant business.'

"Now Holmes, as a rule, is an easy-going fellow—in fact, too easy-going, as I have sometimes hinted to him; but it struck me somehow that there was more feeling in his words than the occasion at present called for. I suppose my surprise at his manner showed itself, for he went on:

"'It appears that the books and cash were checked over and over again last night and the £3,000 is still missing. Well, notes don't walk away by themselves, and unless someone broke into the safe-room, of which there is no appearance or suggestion, they must have been—well, to speak plainly, stolen.'

"It was speaking plainly with a vengeance, yet still there was no other way of accounting for their loss. Then he continued:

"'This cannot be hushed up, for it affects the heads of the Bank too seriously; for there are only three people who have free entrance to the safe-room: you, myself and your nephew, Frank Wendall. Under these circumstances I am sure you will

agree with me that the fullest investigation only will suffice, and the sooner the matter is put into proper hands the better for us all.'

"For a few moments I pondered over what Holmes had so clearly reasoned, and I could find no fault with his argument. Somehow I felt that Frank was not the culprit; but if this were so there remains but Holmes and myself, and I should as soon expect to be charged with the theft myself as dream of suspecting Holmes. Altogether, as Holmes says, it's a very unpleasant business."

"Have you called anyone in to investigate?" asked Graceman.

"No; I suggested to Holmes that I should ask your advice as to what we should do, and he consented immediately to our consulting you."

For a few seconds Graceman remained in thought; then he said, "I quite agree with Mr. Holmes that the matter should be gone into without further delay, and if you consent, I will send a note up to Scotland Yard at once, and put the affair into Inspector Layman's hands. He is a cautious, careful man, and you don't want the matter made more public at present than can be helped. Meantime, I should advise you to call in your official accountants, and have your books authentically audited so as to make absolutely sure that there is no other way of explaining the loss."

So Mr. Wendall went back to his Bank, and a note was sent up to Inspector Layman by special messenger, and in due time that official came down to our office.

After he and Graceman had discussed the matter from the facts they so far had, they went together round to the Bank.

"I am very glad you agreed with me, Mr. Graceman," said Mr. Holmes when they entered, "my opinion is that the sooner an affair of this kind is put into proper hands the better for everyone."

Then they proceeded to the safe-room to see for themselves where the notes were stolen from, and Inspector Layman minutely examined the lock for evidence of tampering. There was no indication, however small, to show that the safe had been forced, so after a short while they met again in the partners' private room.

"The safe has not been broken into, gentlemen," remarked the officer, authoritatively, then he proceeded: "I understand that only you two gentlemen," looking alternately at Mr. Wendall and his partner, "and your chief cashier, Mr. Frank Wendall, were allowed to enter the safe-room."

"That is so," answered Mr. Wendall.

"Is it impossible for either of the other clerks to enter the safe?" asked Mr. Layman.

Mr. Holmes glanced at his partner, who returned the look of enquiry, when the former replied, "It is not impossible to enter it, but I believe it would be impossible for either of the clerks, or any one else, to enter without being observed, and that is really what you mean."

"Yes, sir, that is my meaning," answered the Inspector, "but how do you arrange that no one can enter unseen? Is there always someone watching the safe?"

"Let me explain," said Mr. Holmes. "You saw that the safe stood apart and clear from the clerks' desks, with a large space between it and the nearest desk."

Mr. Layman answered in the affirmative, and Mr. Holmes then continued: "Our strictest injunction and most sternly-enforced rule is that no clerk shall approach or enter the safe-room, unless specially requested, and is accompanied by one of the partners, the manager, or the chief cashier. The penalty for the breach of this rule is instant dismissal, without appeal. Another rule, equally stringent, obliges any clerk or other official to report at once anyone infringing this rule, and to call the attention of those in the office to the offender to corroborate his breach of these regulations. The desks facing the safe-room seat twenty clerks, and I should say it would be absolutely impossible for anyone to enter the safe without being observed."

"I quite endorse Mr. Holmes' opinion," added his partner. "I do not believe the safe could be entered by anyone without being noticed."

"Very well, gentlemen," replied the Inspector, "you, of course, are aware that the only inference that can be drawn from your opinions is that your chief cashier must have abstracted the notes, and I should like to have a few words with him if you will allow me to do so."

Scarcely had the Inspector formulated his wish ere Mr. Holmes rang his bell and requested Mr. Frank Wendall to be sent to them.

"Have you a private room I can see him in?" asked the officer.

"Certainly," Mr. Holmes answered; then, as Frank entered, he said, "This is Mr. Frank Wendall, Inspector Layman," then turning to Frank he continued, "your uncle and I have considered that it is advisable to transfer our personal responsibilities to the proper authority and this gentleman," waving his hand towards the officer, "desires to have a few words with you—take him into the next room."

Inspector Layman closed the door carefully and approaching quite closely to Frank said "I presume we cannot be overheard in any way."

"I think not," answered Frank rather shortly, for he did not quite appreciate the position. Circumstantial facts pointed very inflexibly at himself as the thief, and he knew that unless the notes were discovered the odium and shame would surely rest on him, whether or no Mr. Holmes and his uncle charged him openly. Knowing himself innocent he had hitherto refrained from supposing that the notes were stolen, for the very simple reason that as he hadn't taken them, there were only two other persons who could, namely his uncle or Mr. Holmes, neither of whom could for a moment be thought culpable.

Frank's notion was that by some strange mischance the notes had got mislaid, how or where he hadn't the slightest idea.

All this had been careering through his puzzled brain ever since the notes were proved to be gone.

Inspector Layman noticed the abruptness of Frank's reply and proceeded. "Do not consider me an enemy, Mr. Wendall, simply because I am a police officer and have to ask unpleasant questions." Frank reddened somewhat at the implied rebuke, and then with his usual outspokenness said "I beg your pardon, of course, you are only doing your duty, now fire away and ask anything you like. Meanwhile pray sit down," and Frank drew a chair forward for the Inspector while he sat himself on the corner of the table.

"First of all, can you give me the numbers of the missing notes?" said the Inspector.

Frank drew a slip of paper from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Layman. It contained the numbers of the notes, which were all of the value of ten pounds each.

"Good," replied the officer, as he glanced over the slip, then he added, "what is your opinion as to the missing notes; are they lost, mislaid, stolen, or what?"

"At first, of course, I thought they were mislaid somehow, but that seems impossible now, after the searches we have made. Then comes the question of theft and the thieves." And then Frank went over the same rules that Mr. Holmes had previously enumerated. "So you see that, if they are stolen, there are three possible thieves: myself, my uncle, and Mr. Holmes."

"Have you any reason to think either your uncle or Mr. Holmes guilty," interrogated Mr. Layman, holding up a warning finger as Frank sprang off the table.

Frank choked down the hasty words of denial he was about to utter and reseating himself on his corner answered quietly, "Not the slightest suspicion."

"Humph!" ejaculated the officer looking squarely at Frank, who returned his gaze without flinching and then added:—

"I don't know whether that 'humph' of yours was a question or not, but I may remark that I have not taken the notes."

"I believe you, Mr. Wendall," answered the officer, in a tone of sincerity, then he said, "Now for my last question. Why does Mr. Holmes dislike you?"

"Dislike me," asked Frank, in amazement; "I was not aware that he did. Certainly we have never been particularly cordial with each other, but then he is stand-offish with all the clerks. No, I think you are mistaken, Mr. Layman."

"Well, perhaps I am. No doubt it's only his manner," and rising from his seat he thanked Frank for his confidence and returned to the room where the partners and Graceman were still busy turning over the details of the loss.

"Well," asked Mr. Holmes, interrogatively, as the detective officer entered.



"'NO, NO!' EXCLAIMED MR. WENDALL."

"Mr. Frank Wendall cannot account for the loss," the latter replied; "he practically confirms every point you have mentioned."

"What do you now propose should be done, then?" asked Mr. Holmes.

For a few moments the astute officer did not reply, then he said, "I should like to consider the case for a short time, say until to-morrow morning, then I will give you my opinion, that is unless you prefer to charge your cashier with the theft at once."

"No, no," exclaimed Mr. Wendall, "Frank is no thief."

"Very well, then, gentlemen, I will call in the morning."

Mr. Graceman rose as the Inspector bowed himself out, and in a low tone said to the two partners, "I will go with him and hear what he thinks of the matter."

As the lawyer and detective walked slowly away Mr. Graceman opened the conversation abruptly with :—

"Is Frank Wendall the thief, Layman?"

"I believe not," was the answer; "but he's in a terribly bad hole. I suppose there's not a doubt the notes were there?"

"They all say so," replied Mr. Graceman; then he added, "le me jot down the numbers of the notes," and the officer handed the slip to his companion from which he rapidly copied what he required.

"Now I must leave you, Layman," said Robert Graceman, as they reached the corner of the street; then, as though it was an afterthought, he added as they shook hands, "I am rather interested in this little affair, and perhaps shall be able to offer you a few suggestions when I've thought the riddle out; but then again I may be working on a wrong scent, so you go ahead with your own deductions, and if I come across anything of importance you shall hear from me." And so they parted.

The detective officer returned to his office, and by breakfast time next morning he had reports and notes from several of his staff, who he had specially detailed to glean information likely to help him.

Frank Wendall's private address had been watched, and his movements dogged during the past few hours. His uncle and Mr. Holmes had also shared a part of the careful Inspector's attention, but so far nothing of importance had been unearthed by the bloodhounds of Scotland Yard. Frank had gone home to his rooms in Russell Square rather later than usual, having had another turn at the books at the Bank; he had his dinner, and then walked up Oxford Street to Hyde Park and entered his uncle's house, which he left about half-past ten and walked back to his diggings.

Mr. Wendall, Frank's uncle, had gone home direct from the Bank early in the afternoon, and had not since left his house. Mr. Holmes, however, had dined at his club, visited one of the theatres and caught the last train at Waterloo for Richmond, where he resided in bachelor estate.

"Precious little to help me here," muttered the detective, as he threw down the various reports of his satellites. "I don't like Mr. Holmes," he soliloquised, "but that's mere prejudice, for, of course, there's no motive for his stealing the notes—unless—by George I never thought of that," and Mr. Layman hastily rose and put on his hat and hurried out.

The Bank had just opened when the detective arrived, and Frank Wendall was busily engaged in opening and reading the ordinary business correspondence in his private room when the Inspector was announced.

"You're early Mr. Layman," remarked Frank, looking up, "have you good news?"

His visitor shook his head negatively, but instead of answering the question asked another.

"Can you inform me if either your uncle or Mr. Holmes is pressed for money? Now don't get angry, there may be nothing in the enquiry, and if it is a breach of confidence why you can please yourself if you answer or no; but in the latter event it would necessitate my finding out through other sources, which might be still less to the liking of the partners."

Frank sat for awhile with his thoughts rapidly examining the motive for the detective's question.

The Inspector saw his advantage and followed it up in a masterly manner.

"Don't forget, sir," he said quietly, "that I have been instructed to investigate this unfortunate affair, and that your position is seriously and gravely threatened if the missing notes are not soon discovered."

"You shall see the accounts of my uncle and Mr. Holmes as they stand in the firm's ledger," Frank replied at last, and without further parley he went into the outer office and brought in the bank ledger. Turning up the account first of his uncle there appeared a goodly balance to that gentleman's credit; then Mr. Holmes' account was found.

"I thought he had more than that," muttered Frank, as the figures were totted up showing only a few hundred pounds balance, "still this is only his private

account, and he appears to have been drawing on it pretty frequently lately, probably he's investing it, I see a good many cheques are payable to Scott and Son: those are his stockbrokers."

"Yes, very likely," answered Mr. Layman, "and now to complete my curiosity, let me see your account."

As the detective made his demand he glanced keenly at the young man by his side.

Frank turned the leaves over rapidly, and without hesitation pointed his finger at the columns which represented his own little account. Then he remarked, with a smile, "I am sorry it is so small, but I rely on your reticence not to publish my poverty to the world."

"You may rely on my treating your confidence with absolute secrecy," replied his companion, and then he bade him good morning, saying he should return to see his uncle later on.

But his morning's work had not discovered any new feature in the tangled skein which had been placed in his hands for solution, and when Inspector Layman, a few hours later, presented himself before the two partners he had practically nothing new to report.

"We must wait till some of the stolen notes turn up," was his last remark as he left the room.

"There's nothing to work on," mused the puzzled detective, as he made his way thoughtfully towards the City, where he proposed to drop into the Bank of England on the off chance of finding some of the missing notes had been cashed.

All the banks in London and the country had been notified of the loss, with the numbers of the notes.

There was no news of them yet, however, so Mr. Layman hailed a hansom and got back to his official quarters to attend to other business.

On the third day after his visit to the City, Inspector Layman received a telegram just as he was leaving to get his frugal lunch; it was from Robert Graceman, and was despatched from the Royal Hotel, Hull. The message was short, but the detective seemed thunderstruck at the contents; then he read it through again. "Bring warrant for arrest of Charles Farnley, Wendall's manager for theft of £3,000 notes, he is detained here."

"Well, I'm ———," he muttered.

Early that night Inspector Layman arrived at Hull and Mr. Graceman met him at the station.

"Have you got your papers?" said Mr. Graceman, as they shook hands. Layman nodded, then he could hold his patience no longer. "How on earth did you trace it to him?" he exclaimed. "Where did you find your clue?"

"Wait till we've got him safe under lock and key, and then you can hear all the details," replied his companion, as they walked briskly towards the police station, which was only a few minutes away.

Charles Farnley was detained on suspicion, and as soon as Inspector Layman arrived with his warrant the prisoner was transferred to the secure custody of a police cell.

"Come now, Mr. Graceman," Layman began, directly they had got back to the hotel and had secured a quiet corner in the smoking-room. "How did you get on his trail?"

"Let me ask you a question first, Layman," said Robert Graceman. "You were present when Mr. Frank Wendall checked the contents of the safe for our edification, did you notice the method in which it was done?"

The Inspector looked at his questioner as though he would read from the latter's face what he was driving at.

At last he slowly replied, "Yes, I believe I remember. Mr. Frank took the packages of notes and bags of coin from one of the clerks, who called out each, and glancing at them placed them in the safe."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Graceman, approvingly; then he continued, "our friend here, Mr. Farnley, went through the operation on the previous checking just before he went away."

"Yes," said the Inspector, still in the dark.

"Therefore, assuming that neither Mr. Wendall, the uncle, or Mr. Holmes, or Mr. Wendall, the nephew, had touched the notes since then, Mr. Farnley was the last person who did so."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Detective, "that set you thinking about the manager."

"Just so, and then I casually enquired where our friend had gone for his holiday, and was told to Scarborough. Now Scarborough, at this period of the year was, so I thought, hardly the place for a man of Farnley's lively temperament—for he's a bit of a masher in his way, and it was dead out of season for that lively seaside resort. I ascertained from Mr. Wendall, on the quiet, what hotel he was staying at, and as I knew you would attend to matters in London all right, I considered the air of Scarborough might do me good, so I caught the afternoon train for that charming place." Then he hospitably exclaimed, as he proffered his cigar case: "Have another cigar; yours is out."

"Thank you," replied Inspector Layman, judiciously hiding his impatience to hear the rest of the story.

Then Mr. Graceman continued. "I was not surprised to find when I arrived at the hotel that Mr. Farnley was out. He had gone away for a few days, the clerk informed me politely, but he did not know where. The porter had carried his bag to the station, so I interviewed that individual and was fortunately able to discover his destination. I say fortunately; you may call it luck, perhaps. He had sent the man with his bag to secure a corner seat in a smoking carriage while he bought his ticket, and then gave the man a shilling for his services and jumped into the carriage. He had forgotten to get a paper, however, and called the porter back to give him a copper to buy one, and in so doing he pulled his ticket out and it fell on the platform. The porter was an observant fellow and his eye caught the name of the station on the ticket. It was Hull. Thus you see what little things lead up to, for that penny paper cost our mutual friend his liberty."

Layman knew his friend too well to hurry him, but he fretted at the prolixity of his narrative, so he nodded his appreciation and pretended to enjoy his cigar as he closed his eyes and waited patiently for his friend to continue.

"Hull I thought a still less attractive place for Mr. Farnley's holiday," Mr. Graceman resumed, "and I was so curious to know what the attraction was that drew him there that I followed at once. It was rather late when I arrived, so I left my investigation till the morning; then I set out to try and trace my man. I was some time before I got on his tracks, and then I discovered he had taken the steamer on the previous day for Rotterdam. This was a still more curious change of plans, so I followed him by that day's boat, and to cut a long story short, with the aid of the authorities I soon discovered what he was up to. He had gone over to change the stolen notes, but we were too late to catch him before he had turned them into coin. The man who had changed them, however, showed me the identical notes which he had changed for ten per cent commission. As I did not want any extradition trouble I kept quiet and waited for the next steamer to sail for Hull. Just before the advertised time for starting arrived my man came on board and I knew that he was safe. When we arrived at Hull I followed him to the hotel, and then I called in the chief inspector and charged him with the theft, and you know the rest."

"You're splendid—simply splendid!" exclaimed the excited Inspector, when Robert Graceman ended his story. "Now, I took it for granted that the notes were safe when the manager left, and never connected him with the case at all."

"You under-estimate your abilities, Layman, and over-estimate mine."



"'HOW DID YOU GET ON HIS TRAIL?'"

"That be bothered," replied the Inspector; "there were the facts for me to see and utilise, just the same as you saw them, but I could not see beyond my nose, while you read them correctly. The force lost a mighty leader when you took to the law, sir."

"Pooh, pooh!" replied Mr. Graceman, smiling at the officer's laudation. "You forget your own many successes."

To say that all at the Bank were amazed at the turn of events would be to speak mildly. Mr. Holmes had considered Frank Wendall's guilt as next door to proved, and he hastened to offer his young cashier his sincere apologies for his doubts, which Frank met in the fullest manner, and thereafter their personal esteem grew and flourished. Frank's uncle also was delighted to find his nephew was freed from the stain which had seemed to compass him round, and shortly afterwards he showed his regard for his kinsman by giving him his blessing when he proposed for his daughter Trixie, and shortly after he was made a junior partner in the banking firm.

"Where Merchants most do Congregate."

[*The Merchant of Venice.*

THE WOOL EXCHANGE.

With illustrations from photographs by Mr. Arthur Weston, Newgate Street, E.C., &c.

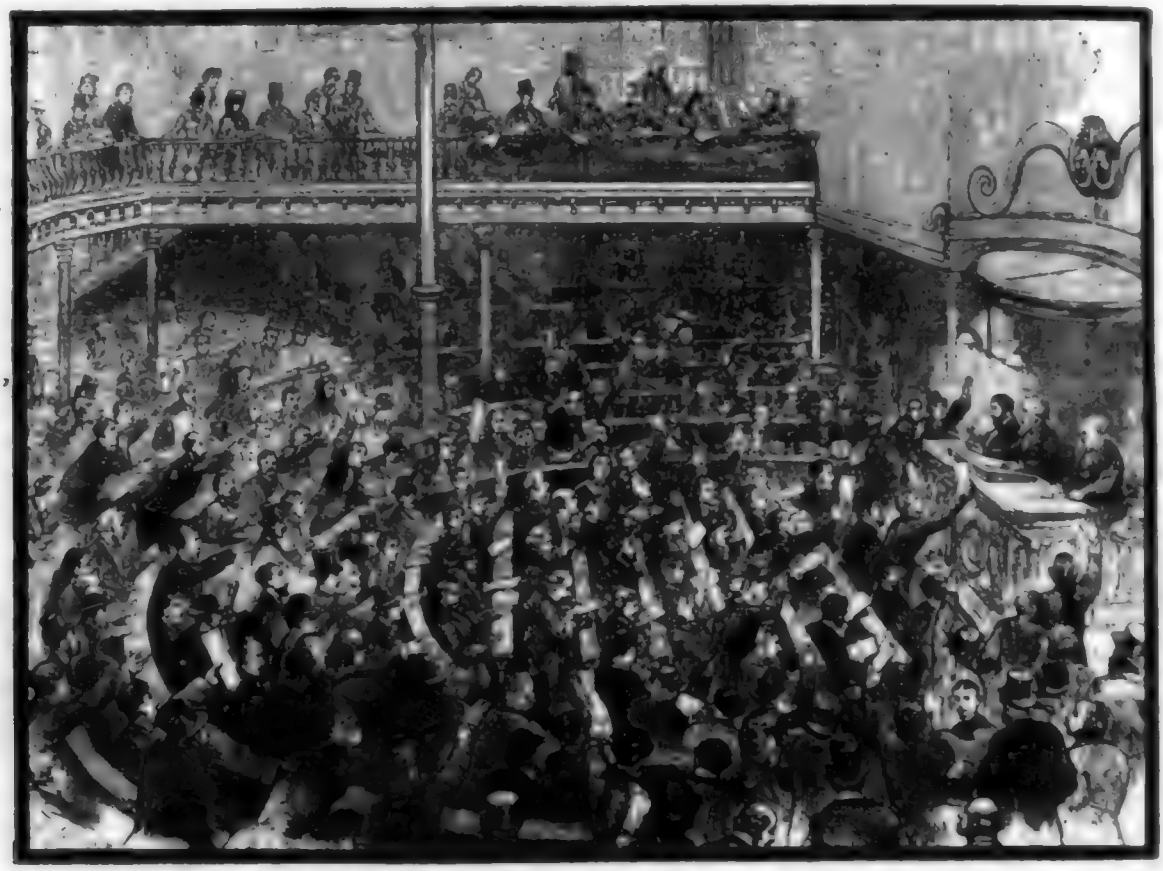
THE block of buildings between Colman Street and Basinghall Street, which has the Wool Exchange for its centre and is known far and wide as the head-quarters of the trade in "the golden fleece" of our Colonies, has been built but twenty years. Curiously enough, however, its site—or ground close to its site—was of old the scene of the commerce in wool. In Northouck's "History of London" I find it stated that "at the south end of Basinghall Street stands Blackwell Hall, an ancient market for woollen cloth. It became such in the reign of Richard II., by whom it was sold for £50 to the City of London. Several times rebuilt, the Hall continued for several centuries to be the mart for wool, but I have not been able to discover when and under what circumstances it ceased to be." With the rapid increase in the importations of Colonial wool some fifty years ago the trade in home-grown wool was relegated to a position of comparative unimportance; but for many years the dealers and brokers which the new trade called into existence were content with a kind of improvised Exchange in the shape of a large room in Moorgate Street Buildings.

The Building of the Wool Exchange in 1871 was due to the enterprise of Colonel Angus Croll. This gentleman had, I believe, no interest in the Colonial wool trade, but he learned its need of an Exchange which would adequately accommodate the increasing number of buyers and brokers who frequented the periodical sales. With the same versatile energy which had made him Chairman of the old United Kingdom Electric Telegraph Company, and had enabled him to take a leading part in the improvement of the gas supply of London, Colonel Croll obtained a splendid site and, from his own designs, built the Wool Exchange. The Wool Brokers' Association promptly took a lease of the Exchange, the offices by which it was surrounded were taken in large numbers by members of the trade, and before his death Colonel Croll had the satisfaction of seeing his bold adventure crowned by complete success. Twice, indeed, had he to make additions to the property: in 1873 and 1881. By the additional block erected in the latter year the building was carried through to Basinghall Street and new entrance obtained in Sambrook Court. Sambrook Court, by the way, is believed to owe its name to the sandy brook which at one time flowed over the spot; and when the excavations were made for the new building in 1881 this belief received curious corroboration. Some bone skates were found of the kind which were generally in use for skating at the period when the ice on the brook offered recreation to London citizens.

The Wool Exchange is the scene of an intermittent activity. About half-a-dozen sales of Colonial wool take place during the year, each sale lasting three or four weeks. The regulation of these sales is in the hands of the Wool Brokers Association, which is the lessor of the Exchange. The wool is stored on its arrival

in warehouses at the London Docks and elsewhere. Every few weeks the Association makes arrangements for a sale, and decides whether or not, having regard to the likely demand, the whole of the stock shall be offered for sale. The consignors of the wool are, as a rule, quite ready to give *carte blanche* to the London brokers with a view to their obtaining the best possible prices. Colonial wool, therefore, differs from most merchandise having its centres in London, in that it is sold by auction at intervals instead of by private treaty from day to day.

The sales usually take place in the afternoon, beginning at four and sometimes lasting till seven or eight. In the morning intending purchasers have had an opportunity of looking at the various "lots" at the warehouses, for wool is never bought from sample. At five o'clock on one of these sale days one finds a group of



INTERIOR OF THE WOOL EXCHANGE

gentlemen of half-a-dozen different nationalities at the entrance to the Exchange in Coleman Street, all chatting volubly, and walking through a long corridor to the auction room you encounter a number of other buyers waiting till the "numbers" for which they intend bidding are reached. But, hark! what is that extraordinary sound? It seems more like the yelping and barking of dogs than anything else, varied, now and again, by the baaing of sheep. The noise brings me to a pair of mahogany spring-doors, and on opening one it is greatly intensified. Passing through an ante-room, where messengers, railway officials, etc., are waiting, I find myself in the Wool Exchange itself. There is a lull as I enter, and for a moment or two, as I look around the hall, I am at a loss to surmise the cause of what had startled my ears. I glanced along the well-filled seats, which are sloped in the fashion of a lecture hall, down to the rostrum where, underneath a sounding board, the auctioneer and his two clerks are seated. But the silence is broken only by the scraping of pencil and the scratching of pen as brokers and merchants bend over

the catalogues spread out on the desk before them. But the next moment—Pandemonium begins. The auctioneer calls out a number, and instantly a dozen gentlemen spring to their feet, with a yell which would not have disgraced American cow-boys. The yell is repeated again and again, each man leaning forward and craning his neck and stretching forth his hand in the desperate endeavour to attract the attention of the auctioneer to his bid. Some grasp their catalogue, and with the roll of paper in their clenched fists give emphasis to a demonstration that to the uninitiated stranger must appear to place the lives of the auctioneer and his clerks in great jeopardy. It is impossible to distinguish the words to which such frenzied utterance is given, but the auctioneer somehow manages to do it and—what is still more marvellous—who was the first to make the highest bid. When this much has been discovered he taps gently with his hammer, and for the brief space of a moment or so all is silent again, the unsuccessful bidders subsiding into their seats, baffled and exhausted. Then, the price at which the lot sold having been entered on everyone's catalogue, the auctioneer calls another number, and another bevy of buyers, fresh for the fray, begin the battle anew.



COLONEL W. S. ADAMS
Photo by Arthur Weston



MR. H. C. GREGORY

Occasionally the din of the bidding is ended by someone shouting out "Last Buyer." It is one of the rules of the Exchange that the purchaser of one lot is entitled to the next lot at the price at which the bidding leaves off, and a wary buyer will often increase his bid for one lot in order to exercise his right with regard to the second. He need not then take any part in the strife of tongues until the bidding has reached its climax, when he calmly calls out the magic words to the utter discomfiture of probably half-a-dozen other gentlemen who have expended their energies in vain. But, of course, it may be that one of these is prepared to go still higher in price, thus turning the tables on the "Last Buyer" if he is not willing to make a similar advance. And so it goes on till the voices of some of the most blatant bidders are reduced to a hoarse whisper, and the auctioneer has got through the five or six hundred lots in the catalogue, and probably some 10,000 bales or so of wool have changed hands. On some occasions as many as 1,500 lots, representing wool to the value of a quarter of a million sterling have been sold as the result of this apparently meaningless uproar.

The auction room has seating accommodation for about 400 people, and most of

these seats are regularly occupied by the same buyers—dealers in wool, members of manufacturing firms in all parts of the United Kingdom and the Continent, or brokers, having commissions from various consumers of the raw material. Many of the seats nearest to the rostrum are allotted to large and regular buyers, giving them a privilege of some value in view of the method in which wool is sold by the pound. The rule is for the price to advance by a farthing till eightpence is reached and after eightpence by a half-penny. These advances make a great difference, of course, in the cost of the bale, and to gain prompt attention to a bid from the auctioneer is obviously a point of supreme importance. With the desire to equalise the bidders' opportunity as much as possible, the question of the seats has given the Wool Brokers' Association a good deal of trouble. The seats were at one time arranged in the shape of a horse-shoe, and buyers who could not obtain a front seat had the option of using a gallery. But this arrangement did not give satisfaction, and a year or so ago the gallery, was removed so that the seats could be built in straight rows raised one above the other. By this means every bidder has an equally clear view of the auctioneer, although those who are farthest from him still need exceptionally powerful lungs and some resource in gesticulation if they are to have any chance against those who are much nearer. The gentlemen who represent their firms at the wool sales must be specially chosen, I imagine, for their qualifications in these respects. Brokers who make a business of buying on commission of these sales must obviously be men with brazen throats, and the gift of self-assertion. Unless a man is personally known to the auctioneer his bid will be disregarded; apart from regular commissions for foreign firms, who do not think it worth while to send representatives to London for the wool sales, brokers accordingly obtain a good deal of employment from small, casual purchasers in London and the provinces.

The selling brokers, on the other hand, may be said to form a kind of close corporation. Only eleven firms are engaged in conducting the auctions, and together they form the Wool Brokers' Association, of which Mr. W. H. Willans is President, and Mr. E. C. Buxton is Hon. Secretary. Mr. Willans, who is one of the most active spirits in the London Chamber of Commerce, is the head of the well-known firms of Willans and Overbury, while Mr. Buxton is a partner in the firm of Buxton, Ronald and Co. Messrs. Jacomb, Son and Co. are said to be the largest sellers of Australian wool, and Mr. Frederic Jacomb, Mr. Reginald Jacomb, and Mr. Arnold Jacomb are all frequent occupants of the rostrum. Other names to conjure with on the Wool Exchange are Messrs. Helmuth, Schwartze and Co., Messrs. Charles Balme and Co., Messrs. Arthur Tate and Co., and Mr. E. B. Joachim. Most of these firms issue periodical circulars and catalogues relating to the sales, almost each lot having its particular descriptive name or mark, such as $\frac{\text{TE}}{\text{B}}$ & Co., and W.W.W. These names and marks enable buyers to identify the exporters of the wool and assist them to estimate its value as they look through the bales at the warehouses. The canvas is cut at one end of the bale, but in the case of bales bearing well-known marks the buyer can rely upon the wool being of the same quality throughout. Wool which has been more or less cleaned before shipment is described on the catalogues as "scoured." A great quantity of wool is sold in London, however, in what is called a "greasy" condition—that is, with all the dirt which a sheep's coat will secrete still clinging to it. Much of the skill of the wool-buyer consists in estimating how little of the weight of "scoured wool," and how much of the weight of "greasy" wool must be deducted in considering the price that can be bid for it.

The wool has to be taken away from the warehouses within fourteen days of the sale whilst, on the other hand, the purchaser can demand the delivery of the goods within seven days. According to another rule of the Exchange payment has to be made in full before the wool can be removed from the warehouses. The

brokers usually have to arrange for the conveyance of their clients' goods, and it is their custom, on making a purchase, to obtain a small specimen of the wool, and keep it in their offices until the transaction is completed. In a wool-broker's offices, there are accordingly always to be found a number of small parcels of wool to which reference can be made when the necessity arises. There is, by the way, no fixed scale of broker's fees for the purchase of wool. The brokers vary their commission according to the financial stability of their clients, and the amount of business they transact together. On the other hand, consumers of wool are naturally ready to pay a higher commission for the services of brokers reputed to be exceptionally good judges of value, seeing that they must entrust them with some discretionary power as to price.

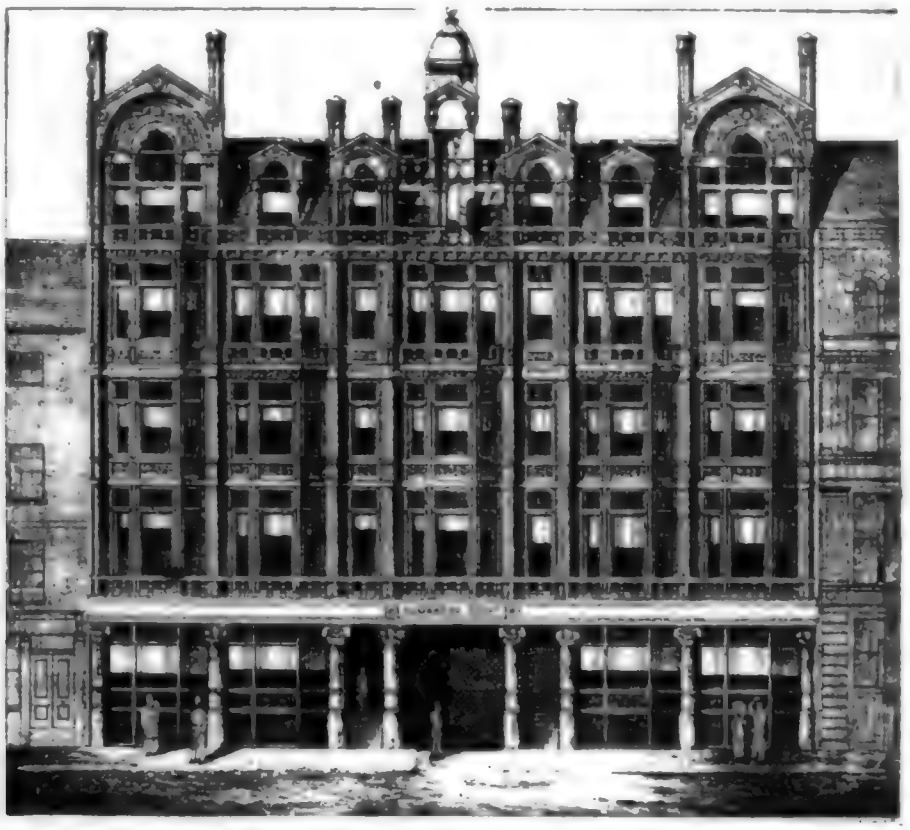
It will be readily supposed from what I have said that the task of buying and selling wool is not altogether an easy one—in fact those who have to bid at the sales must find it the hardest work they ever have to do. The Wool Exchange and its environments, however, lighten the fatigue as much as possible. Thanks to the electric light and a splendid system of ventilation the atmosphere of the Exchange, even when it is most crowded, is kept pure and comparatively cool. Then in the intervals of buying, visitors to the Exchange can find in the building itself all the refreshment and recreation they can possibly desire—Turkish baths, smoking-rooms, and what is called the "Kaira Library" at which the purchaser of a cup of coffee or tea can read the magazines or a book selected from a catalogue of many hundreds of the most popular works of fiction. This large, comfortable lounge has but one shortcoming in the eyes of the wool-buyers and that is an index to the progress of the sale upstairs. I believe that some scheme is now under consideration, however, by means of which the number of each lot, as sold, will be announced. If it is successfully adopted the wool-buyer will then be able to enjoy in peace his book and his cigar till the approach of the number for which he wishes to bid.

Since 1884 the Wool Exchange and the Colonial Offices have been the property of a limited liability company, of which Colonel Thomson is Chairman and Mr. John Lees is managing director. Besides the Wool Brokers' Association as lessors of the Exchange, the company has about a hundred tenants, most of whom are more or less connected with the wool trade. In this number are included the principal railway companies and carrying agencies, which, through the stress of their competition for freights of wool, have found it desirable to have offices on the spot. On sale days their representatives are busy in negotiation with large buyers and in the endeavour to secure freight they are constantly in communication, by means of the telegraph and telephone, with their chiefs. Mounted messengers are also employed when full instructions have to be sent regarding the carriage of extensive purchases of wool and the rates at which it can be undertaken.

I have spoken of the great development of the wool trade of the Colonies with the mother country. That development still continues. Last year wool to the value of £24,748,000 was imported from Australasia and the Cape; ten years before the value of the imports was only about £20,000,000. Nor is this all. In the same period the average value of the bale had fallen from £16 to £11. 10s., so that whereas in 1884 there arrived 1,303,000 bales, in 1894 the number of bales—each weighing about 300 lbs.—totalled 2,152,000. These figures loom very large, even if we only look back about thirty years, for in 1863 the value of the imports was not much in excess of £7,500,000, although the bale was on the average then worth £22. 15s. It may be of interest to add that of the 1894 consignments only about one twelfth came from the Cape. Since 1860 the importations from Australasia have increased ten-fold, whilst those from the Cape have barely increased four-fold.

A few years since the future of the Wool Exchange was threatened by several large manufacturers in Bradford and Huddersfield buying wool direct from the Colonies. In the first year of this experiment luck favoured them, and it resulted in a considerable saving. But the next year, when others followed suit, the second

experiment was much more disastrous than the first had been successful. Before the wool purchased in Melbourne and Sydney reached England there was a great fall in prices, and in consequence one merchant confessed to a loss of £70,000, whilst a spinning firm were losers to the extent of £50,000. This was in 1890, and the dangerous proceeding has not been repeated. The purchase of wool in advance of a month or two's voyage is evidently far too speculative for well constituted business minds and there is therefore every prospect of the Wool Exchange continuing to grow and prosper with the growth and prosperity of the trade of which it is the chosen centre.



THE WOOL EXCHANGE, LONDON
EXTENSION TO BASINGHALL STREET

HER RINGING LAUGH



A STORY AFTER THE GERMAN.

BY PRICE OWEN.

THE Ghetto is situated in the dirtiest and least picturesque lagoon of Venice. An unhealthy mist rises from the thick, slimy, almost viscid mass, to which the name of water can scarcely be applied, filling the narrow alleys with its fever-bearing odours, the outcome of rubbish shot into the lagoon for centuries. The streets are as though under the spell of some magic trance. No sound proceeds from the houses; a death-like silence reigns behind the window-panes (long since rendered opaque by the grime of ages, and in many instances replaced by paper); dirt is king everywhere, save the blue sky, the only thing the Venetians are unable to render otherwise than God made it.

"*Gia è.*" The voice of a boatman floats over the water, and a gondola glides slowly through the lagoon.

The gondolier stood back on the poppa—the little seat after which he is often nick-named—and sang. He felt happy, for he had a piece of work in hand that was promising to pay him well. A stranger had engaged his services for the best part of a day, and when, towards sunset, he was told to row to the Ghetto, though he could see no motive in this extraordinary demand, yet obeyed in expectation of a satisfactory *pourboire*. So he rowed on, and sang as he bent to his work.

Soft and musical his voice sounded, accompanied by the rhythmical thud—plash—thud—plash, as he slowly pushed his oar; the surge in the wake of the boat, and the gentle rippling at the bows lent harmony thereto; but sundown was nigh and he urged the boat onward.

As he passed by a house, whereof the windows were replaced by paper to a rather extensive degree, a window was suddenly and rapidly thrown open, a ringing laugh was heard, and a tiny scrap of paper, dirtied and smudged by rain, fluttered down, and fell into the gondola at his feet. He looked up.

Was the sun rising, or was he peering into hell? A girlish head leaned out

over the window-sill. Like a golden halo of light, short curls surrounded a pale face, from which two long-lashed, coal-black eyes flashed down upon him. Something that had never happened to him, as long as he had been a gondolier, happened to him now. The gondola ran full tilt into a pile which rose out of the water, and thanks only to his own cleverness and skill, was he able to save his boat from being overturned and avert a serious catastrophe.

Angry and cursing, the terrified stranger fell forward out of the felzo, while the gondola swayed from side to side. He was quaking with fear and his nerves had received an unwelcome shock. He turned a deaf ear to all poor Carlo's entreaties and apologies, and demanded to be landed immediately.

The scene brought about a magical effect. The seemingly deserted Ghetto was at once alive with an excited populace. Heads leaned out from all the windows, and the little street was quickly crowded with people, who with one accord jeered at and reviled the unfortunate gondolier.

The stranger paid Carlo the exact fare. There was no question of *pourboire.* Carlo was silent. As in a dream, he stepped back into his boat, and began to urge it onward with a lethargic movement, amid the jeers and shouts of the crowd. Once only did he turn round, and that was to glance up at the window where the beautiful cause of his misfortune had leaned out, and he sighed deeply. She did not laugh; she did not jeer at him; she did not even give him a contemptuous smile. Those dark eyes were lowered with a tender and compassionate look, and his heart felt as though it were burning.

From that day the Ghetto seemed to possess an attraction almost magical for him. Whenever he rowed a stranger about the canals of Venice he would praise the grimy, commonplace Ghetto as a sight not to be missed, until he should be told to row thither. But he encountered many rebuffs for his persistency, and what was harder to bear, unlimited chaff from his fellow boatmen. But nought could deter him. If he had nothing to do he would paddle his gondola through the Ghetto of an evening, past the house with the paper windows. And then with his clear tenor voice he would sing the most beautiful songs, of love, women, and wine, such as Venetian gondoliers alone can sing.

Then also would appear in the window the face with the laughing eyes and the hair which shone round her head like a halo of glory, such as one may see in paintings by old masters, and she smiled to him. And how she laughed! Such clear, ringing, musical laughter, like a peal of silver bells. When Carlo heard it he was happy; when he slept he dreamed of it.

Giva, for such was her name, was of humble parentage. No romance was built up around the story of her birth to prove her a princess or a daughter of nobility. Her father was by trade a rag merchant, whose earnings were not so great as to render him altogether independent of his daughter's. To eke out their humble pittance Giva worked daily in the glass factory at Murano, and was well paid for the work her deft little fingers had acquired such skill to perform. But the poor child was motherless and her father drank, though these cares did not weigh heavily enough on her mind to sear her beauty.

One evening Carlo rowed a young foreign painter through the dirty lagoon of the Ghetto. Only with considerable difficulty had he succeeded in obtaining permission to come over to this little known quarter, for the artist had employed him for a week past, and for seven whole days, which seemed to him like so many years, he had been utterly unable to make his way past the house where dwelt his ideal. Even a Venetian gondolier has ideals, and Carlo had found his. Now, as he spied the house from afar, as he neared the post where his dire yet lucky accident had taken place, his heart began to beat excitedly. Would she be there?

Yes. Leaning well out of the window she watched the approach of the gondola, and as soon as it was within earshot, laughed delightedly, and called to him as to an old friend:

"Ola! It's a long time since you were here!"

Then her gaze fell upon the young man, who lay full length in the open gondola and looked up at her with surprise. Her face reddened and she disappeared quickly.

"Who is that girl?" asked the young painter excitedly, catching hold of Carlo's arm; "is that your sweetheart?"



"'OLA! IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE YOU WERE HERE!"

"Oh, no, signor," replied the man, with something of a sigh of regret that it was not so; "I have often seen her at that window as I passed by. To-day she called to me for the first time."

The artist lay back and half closed his eyes; he contracted his lips as though to whistle, but only a deep "Ah!" escaped him. Meanwhile the gondola flitted slowly onward through the stagnant lagoon. From that evening, Carlo had plenty

of leisure to visit the Ghetto, for not only did the artist cease to employ him, but he also failed to get another regular fare. So he rowed over to the Ghetto every evening, but in vain. For the girl with the dark eyes and golden hair, whose image he treasured in his heart, and whom he longed to see again, no longer sat at the window in the short twilight of the evening, and the casement remained closed.

More than a week had elapsed since he had last seen her, for his journey had again been without result. The sun had long gone down and the stars were already twinkling in the sky, as he sat on the lower stairs of the Piazza. His heart was rent with anger and sorrow, and many were the misgivings that crossed his mind as to what had become of Giva, whom he had so grown to love. He could stand it no longer—he resolved that he would go to-morrow to the little house, and enquire what had become of her. Yes, he would do that, and then, then he would——

A powerful hand shook him by the shoulder, and broke the train of his reverie.

"Here, boatman, I want your services," cried someone in his ear.

Ready for work immediately, he jumped up, shook himself, and collecting his somewhat scattered senses, helped the gentleman, and then a lady, muffled up in a heavy cloak, into his boat.

"Where to, signor?"

"Where you will—eh, is that you, Carlo?" asked the stranger, whom the gondolier now recognised as the young artist he had worked for previously. "Just row away slowly, anywhere, and don't ask any more questions," said the painter, closing the curtains of the felzo, so that neither he nor the lady with him could be seen.

Carlo felt very happy. Like most of his class, he was much given to *Aberglauben*, and thought it a good omen to work for a pair of lovers (as these undoubtedly were) at such a momentous period in his own life. And to-morrow, yes, to-morrow, perhaps he too would hold her whom he loved in his arms.

He smiled softly as these dreams flitted through his mind. To-morrow he would ask the beautiful, fair maiden of the Ghetto if she would be his bride, his wife. "Oh, how glorious that would be, how splendid!"

A cold shiver ran down his back, and he shook himself. "Someone is passing over my grave," he thought, and then began to wonder what Giva would do when he should tell her of his love. At first, of course, she would open those coal-black eyes wide, and look astonished and surprisedly at him—of course, she would at the first words—but then, then she would lean her little golden-haired curly head upon his shoulder and laugh; her musical bewitching laugh, that sounded like angels playing on bells of silver—such as no other girl in the whole of Venice could laugh.

Just such a laugh issued from the felzo as he dwelt on this pretty thought; a laugh as bright and clear and musical as ever; her, Giva's, laugh. Was he still dreaming? Was the devil playing with him? Again that laugh—and, half mad, hardly knowing what he was about, the gondolier tore back the curtains of the felzo.

The pale moonlight fell on the head of the girl which rested on the shoulder of the young painter, while her eyes looked up into his. The golden curls round her forehead looked more than ever like a halo, giving her the appearance of a beautiful saint.

A wild cry burst from Carlo's lips as his gaze lighted on this picture, and the two looked wonderingly at him.

"*Gia è! gia è!*" he called savagely, and putting forth all his strength he drove the boat forward. There was a crash, as the sound of splintering woodwork, a scream, a curse, a gurgling sound—and the boat having struck a pile rising high out of the water, quickly filled and sank.

In a moment all was confusion. The gondoliers on the quay remarked the accident at once, for the boat had gone down in the sheen of the moonlight, and they quickly brought their own boats to the scene as fast as could be done.

Several of the young gondoliers dived down, and after many long and tedious attempts, they brought up two bodies locked in one another's arms. They were Giva and Carlo.

The artist was an expert swimmer, and from the first moment of the accident had been one of the most energetic in the attempt to save the other two. He dived madly time after time, until they brought him, quite exhausted and bleeding from the ears, to the landing-place at the quay, whither they now came with the bodies of the gondolier and the golden-haired girl. And now he stood there, his frame shaking and shuddering, while he stared with a far away look into Giva's calm, placid face.

Her lips were still parted, as though death had overtaken her in the midst of one of her delightful peals of laughter, and a faint smile played round the corners of her mouth. But her golden hair had lost its glory. It seemed as though the water had extinguished its light, so dull and limp did it hang round her head.

By her side lay Carlo. His fists were clenched, his lips firmly compressed, and under his contracted brows, his eyes frowned at the painter with a wild, threatening look. The painter spoke not; but stared in a dreamy way into Giva's eyes, as though not yet able to realise that he would never again hear that ringing laugh.

At the earnest desire of the foreign artist, the two bodies were buried in a common grave.

The Empire of India Exhibition.

HISTORICAL reminiscences crowd upon us as we enter the precincts of the exhibition. The gigantic representation of a wondrous country on the scale and completeness here rendered is worthy of a higher appellation than the mere expression "a show," however amplified by grandiloquent adjectives. To the thoughtful and acquisitive mind, with a soul above bonnets, or the cut of a coat, the Exhibition is an illustrated history of a mighty period, bristling with great works accomplished by indomitable men, and is illustrated not by counterfeit presentments, but by actualities tangible and real. To walk quietly and meditatively through the rows of exhibits is an education on the rise and progress of that vast continent which now calls our Queen Empress of India.

Of the show itself, as a gorgeous spectacle, unstinted praise must be awarded the leading spirit, Mr. Imre Kiralfy, who has proved himself a very Colossus of showmen, and the designing and grouping of the many buildings and streets in the immense space at his command reveals the master hand.

The first building we reach on entering from Earl's Court is The Ducal Hall,



LOGGIAS OF THE QUEEN'S COURT

which is devoted to an enormous collection of manufactures supplied by England for the markets of Hindostan. Every sort of commodity seems to be here, but they are not strangers to the eye, for most of the things are necessities or luxuries to the stay-at-home Britisher, as well as to the Anglo-Indian. This latter individual is specially catered for further on, for the curry as prepared under the tropical sun of the Indies, and which his soul loveth, is here offered him, served by native servants, and prepared by native cooks.

The beautiful lake beside the Curry-House adds a charm to the Indian buildings which is seldom met with in the land of their birth.

Shady Loggias lead away in various directions, but we pass over a bridge and enter The Queen's Palace.

Here is the chief collection of all that can be gathered together of the relics and curios of the original East India Company, and comprises the history of England's connection with India.

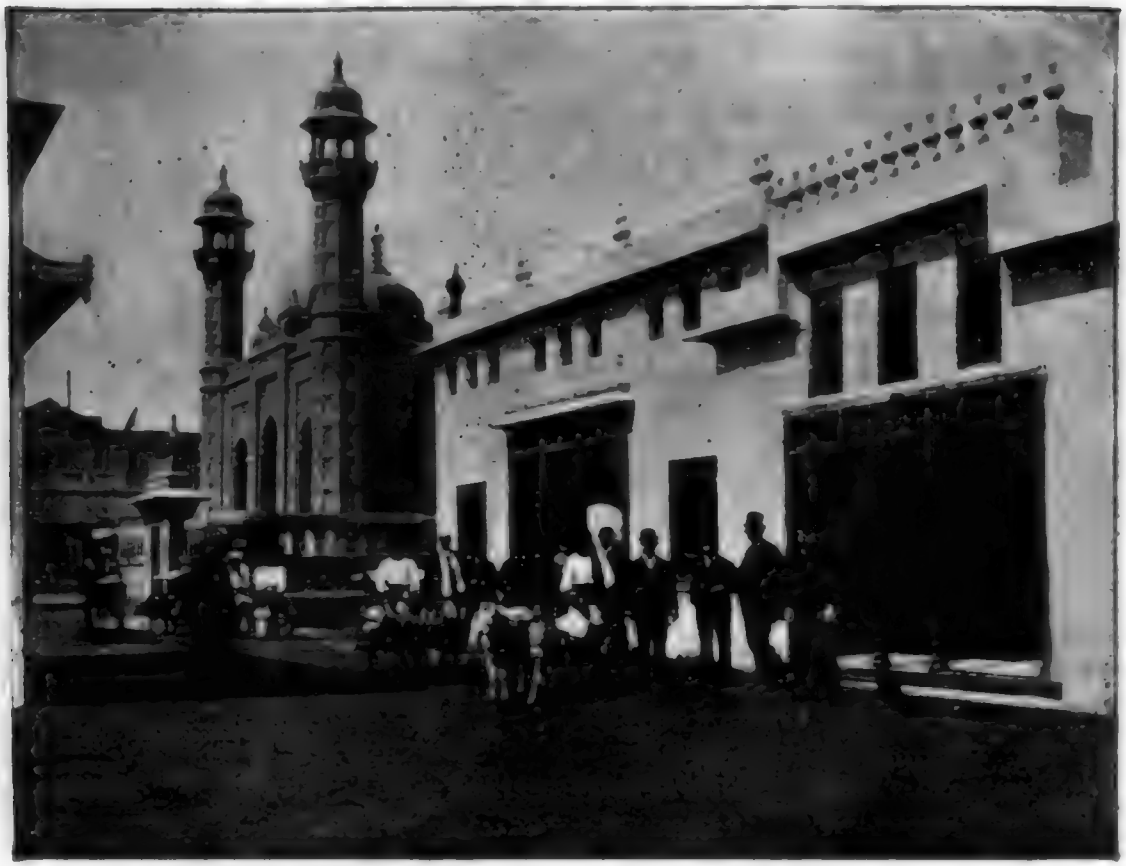


A FIGURE MAKER

Passing over the discovery of Calicut by Vasco de Gama in 1498, and the successive voyages of Spanish and Dutch fleets to the new found land, we arrive at the first despatch of a British fleet, which sailed from Woolwich in 1601, under the auspices of a Company, "The Governor and Merchants of London trading into the East Indies." This enterprise was the beginning of our present vast commerce with Hindostan and other Eastern countries. The little fleet returned two and a half years later, laden with the produce of India, and the adventurous Englishmen, later on, extended their voyages to Siam and even to Japan.



The Dutch, Portuguese and Spaniards naturally resented the approach of these new comers, and, from time to time, conflicts and treaties were the order of the day. During the Civil War and under the Common-

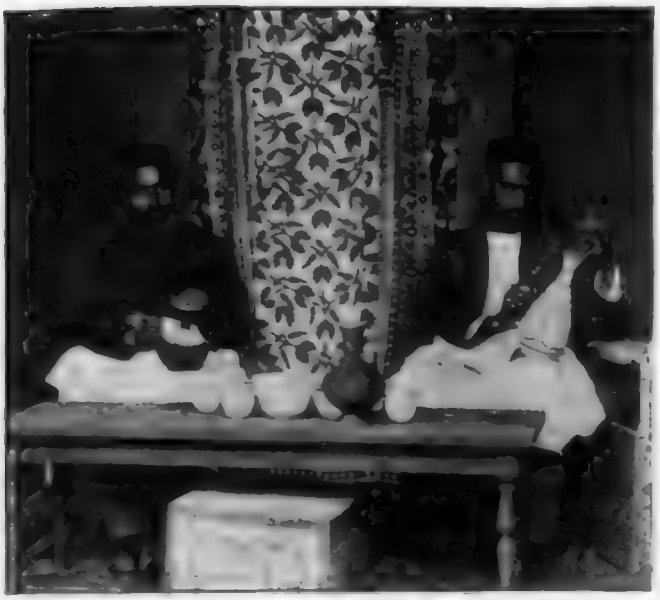


BRAHMA CATTLE — MOSQUE IN BACKGROUND

wealth the English fared badly, but when the Restoration came matters mended, and a new Charter confirmed the Company in its former privileges and their shares jumped up from £70 to £300, and in a few years to over £500. Competitors in England then caused much trouble and a powerful group of merchants secured the refusal of the Charter from the Government of the day by a loan of £2,000,000. The original Company, however, were so established that they forced an amalgamation with their competitors and thereafter for many years they enjoyed continued prosperity. Then trouble arose with France's settlement at Pondicherry which brought about the extinction of French influence. The mutiny coincident with the historical tragedy of the Black Hole was followed by the annexation of Bengal and other territory, but the confusion of management, added to the corruption of various officials, caused Parliamentary interference, and in 1784 the old John Company of Directors gave place to a Government Board holding its authority direct from England and in 1858, the final steps were taken and the Crown assumed the direct control and government with Lord Canning as the Premier, Viceroy and Governor-General.

Thus in a few lines we give the epitomised history of over two and a half centuries pregnant with the adventures and daring courage of a small body of men, paltry in their insignificance of numbers but mighty and glorious in the result of their labours.

The unique collection of historical documents, pictures and antiquities here gathered together, illustrates most vividly and completely the rise and progress of the old East India Company and its works. The minute book of the Company, from 1599 to 1603, is lent by the Secretary of State for India, whilst another volume, the Company's first letter-book, from 1600 to 1619, is a record of surpassing interest. There are several of the original charters from which the Company took its rights. There is a beautifully engrossed copy on vellum of James I.'s Charter dated 1609,



POTTERY PAINTERS

whilst the original Charter of Charles II., dated 1661, is the oldest original Charter now extant. Another very interesting document is the book of subscriptions for £2,000,000 before referred to, which contains autographs of the most notable and richest men of that period.

Portraits of the men who made India what she is are also visible in abundance; there are Sir Thomas Smyth, the founder of the Company, Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Arthur Wellesley and many others, all of whom played their part and had their share in building up the brightest jewel in the British Crown.

Of the head office of the Company, India House, there are several interesting exhibits; views of the building, tattered colours of the Corporation's regiments and ancient furniture. For the student of history this building contains so much of interest, that it is difficult to pass on.

The design of the Indian buildings and native bazaars is perfect. Here are to be seen native artificers of almost every trade plying their skill. There are glass blowers, pottery makers and pottery painters, sandal manufacturers and workers in various other crafts. The carpet weavers should not be missed, for here we can see the laborious process by which the charmingly designed Indian carpets are slowly built up.



GROUP OF NATIVES WITH TROUPE OF JUGGLERS

The Huida mosque gives an excellent representation of the native religious building. It is not constructed merely for show, however, for the large number of Hindoos employed in the Exhibition use it as a place of worship, and the interior is strictly tabooed to the unbeliever in Mahomet, and no profane foot is allowed to enter the religious temple.

The Indian Theatre, where conjurers or jugglers give evidence of their skill several times daily, is worth a visit, although their performances do not seem to be particularly dissimilar to the methods of western prestidigators, consisting chiefly of sleight of hand tricks.

The antics of the Burmese performers in their Puoy are curious, if not edifying, whilst their native football is peculiar in its rules and regulations.

Local colour and light is plentifully in evidence; dark skinned, swarthy natives, in bright hued dress and turbanned, abound on every side, whilst elephants, camels, and native cattle meet one round the Indian streets at every turn. These latter are curious little creatures, of less size than a medium St. Bernard dog. They are employed chiefly in drawing small native waggons round the Indian streets, and are patronised largely by the youngsters.

The various grounds and gardens are laid out with much taste and ingenuity; Indian flowers, and plants, and tropical foliage being everywhere in evidence. The illumination of the entire space of grounds and buildings at night with electric lamps makes the whole appear a vast scene of fairyland, and although the result is scarcely Indian it adds materially to the pleasure of the visitor and leaves a pleasant memory of an interesting visit.



A SHOE MAKER



A Talk About Tables.

OF the different articles of furniture devised by the ingenuity of man, few are of greater antiquity than the table; which may have been suggested to pre-historic nations by one slablike piece of rock balanced on another, and thrown into this position by some of the mighty convulsions of Nature. Primitive tables differed little in form from those in use at the present day, and from the description of that used for the Shewbread in the Tabernacle of Moses, B.C. 1491, it might easily serve for a modern carpenter's model. The upper rim of brass rose above the superficial level of the table, and was intended to prevent what was deposited thereon from falling off. It is supposed that the original was carried off among the spoils of Nebuchadnezzar, and that when the Jews were restored to their own land they made a new table which differed in size and other details from the first one. Other ancient nations had analogous customs with that of the Jews' table of Shewbread, and we even find something very similar in the present day among distant tribes of barbarians and savages. The heathens had tables on which they set meat and drink in honour of their gods, and Jerome observes that it was a usual custom for Egyptian idolaters on the last day of the last month in the year, to place tables covered with different kinds of food in the temples of their idols. It is supposed by some that this ceremony was to show the fruitfulness of the past year, and to typify that which was to follow.

The furniture of Greek and Roman houses were in many respects similar; and though in some cases stone, marble and bronze were employed in the construction of tables, they were generally made of wood; and when not highly polished were enriched with ivory, gold and colour or inlaid with silver. Many elaborate tripods of a very early date, and evidently intended for the support of table tops, are still in existence and serve to show the high state of perfection to which the arts had advanced. Historians record that as much as £9,000 of our present money was sometimes spent on the purchase of a single table. Both Horace and Pliny refer to tables of bird's-eye maple, and the latter points out that it was desirable that "the veins in the wood should be in waving lines, or else forming spirals, like so many little whirlpools. In the former arrangement, when the lines ran in an oblong direction they were called *tigrina*, or tiger tables; and in the latter case they were named *pantherina*, or panther tables. There were some with undulating marks resembling the feathers of a peacock. *Abaci* were small tables with raised rims (similar to the table for Shewbread), and these were intended for holding valuables."

In "Furniture and Woodwork," by John Hungerford Pollen, we are told that barbarous tribes buried their wood while green, after

coating it with wax. It was afterwards covered with corn and by this process was seasoned. Curious mechanical appliances were in favour with the Romans, who occasionally used tables with reversible tops, so contrived that when the meal was over they would turn back and envelop the guests with the petals of roses and other sweet scented flowers, which by this movement were released. Table-cloths were used by the Roman Emperors, who were remarkable for the grandeur of their table appointments, and whose dining-rooms were often draped with gold and silver tissues, while pipes through the ceilings showered perfumes on the diners. Our own early ancestors were far behind the Southern nations of Europe as far as household appliances were concerned, and contented themselves for a long period with roughly-hewn boards placed on trestles, and removed after every meal. These were succeeded by the table

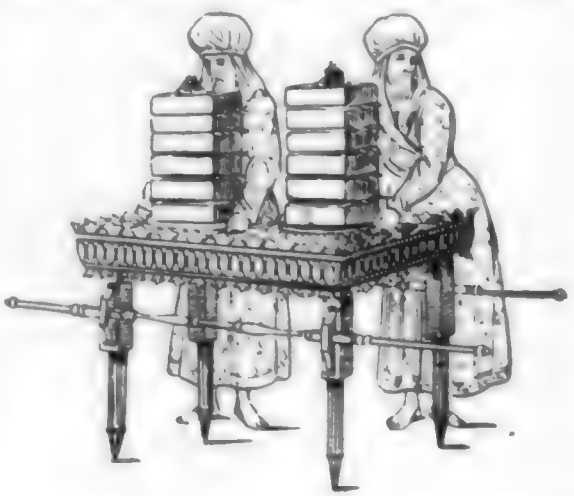


A ROMAN TRIPOD



AN ANGLO-SAXON DINNER PARTY

dormant—a heavy wooden structure such as is shown in a sketch of a Royal dinner-party from a manuscript of the 14th century. Another curious table of the same period is circular in form, and open in the centre for the convenience of service. For the same reason dais tables were only occupied on one side. These, however, were the exception, as it was customary for family and servants to occupy one table set in the middle of the great hall. For small parties round ones were provided; and when Edward III. instituted the Order of the Garter, and built the Round Tower at Windsor for the use of the fraternity, he placed therein a circular table, so that the knights who were seated at it should be on absolute equality. Music at meals was indulged in by all classes, the rich keeping their own minstrels and the poor encouraging those who wandered through the country; and on festive occasions jugglers also appear to have been engaged to entertain the guests. The table service in Early English illuminations seems to have been of the simplest character, consisting of knives and spoons (forks did not come into general use till the time of Elizabeth), a few wooden or pewter trenchers for people of distinction, some cakes of bread serving for those of less importance, a ewer, basin and towel for washing hands after meals, the salt-cellar and a white table-cloth evidently arranged in festoons at the sides with elaborate care. A few tankards and cups for holding liquids were also introduced in manuscripts of the Middle Ages. Roasted meats were served on skewers handed round by the attendants. Fish, vegetables, poultry, and soup were consumed, and pork was in favour, as large droves of swine were fed in the oak forests, which were then more numerous than they are now that towns have encroached on country districts, and the iron horse has made communication from one part of England to another a matter of no difficulty. Provisions were salted for winter use, and covered with fat to preserve them; from which circumstance we derive the modern word *larder*; "buttery," can also be traced to a Saxon source. Dinner was announced by a flourish of trumpets, grace was said, and after the guests had seated themselves, the board was spread, and couples ate together from the same plate. Those who were attached, or to whom special honour was due, were placed side by side, the arrangement



PROBABLE FORM OF TABLE FOR THE SHEWBREAD

not being left to chance. In the "Boke of Kervyng," the carver is instructed never "to set on fische, flesche, beest, or fowle, more than two fingers and a thombe;" nor to eat with his knife, to rub his hands on the table-cloth, or get intoxicated at table.

After dinner various games were introduced, such as cards, dice, draughts, chess, backgammon, and in summer, dancing on the green, or in the great hall; besides such diversions as forfeits and blindman's buff. The elder ladies employed themselves in embroidery, spinning, weaving, sewing, knitting, and similar pursuits.



A ROYAL DINNER TABLE, FROM MS. DATED 14TH CENTURY

In the 16th century small tables with folding leaves were made, but most of those of the Tudor Period are of oak with heavy



CARD TABLE OF 15TH CENTURY

baluster legs, or supported by a central row of arches, as in the example given. During the 18th century Chippendale and Sheraton turned their attention to the production of many different tables to meet the growing refinement of the age, and to replace the oak furniture of a previous generation Some of these, tea, card, writing, and toilet tables, were made of finely polished woods, and ornamented with considerable skill. French artists of the same period introduced into this country large quantities of satin wood furniture delicately painted, or inlaid with coloured woods, metal, tortoiseshell, and ivory. These are as perfect as on the day they left the workshop, and a standing rebuke to modern manufacturers of cheap furniture, who can only *warrant* their goods to come to pieces on the slightest provocation. Some beautiful tables are now made in Rome of choicest mosaic, and among other art treasures should be mentioned the exquisite jewelled table at Warwick Castle, estimated to be worth £10,000; the famous silver table made in the reign of William and Mary, now at Windsor Castle; and the beautiful china toilet table presented to H.R.H. the Duchess of York on her marriage.



ROUND TABLE OF 14TH CENTURY

The Emperor and Empress of Germany and Their Children.

It would be difficult to find in the German Dominions a more united and charming family group than that formed by the Emperor and Empress and their children, who are drawn together by the strongest bonds of affection and a striking example of domestic felicity to the whole nation. At Court functions a more gracious and queenly woman cannot be imagined than Victoria, the beloved wife of the young Emperor, but to see her to greatest advantage

one must be able to watch the Empress when surrounded by her handsome boys and infant daughter, the pet and plaything of the German Court, and more precious than all their possessions to her father and mother. The young princes have been brought up with military precision, and on strictly hygienic lines. They have many qualities which, carefully developed, tend to brave and honourable manhood. With such a numerous family there is little prospect of the Royal German line becoming extinct for many generations.

The Empress desires to see every woman in the Empire educated to the highest degree of which she is capable, feeling that by this means the rising generation must be benefited; but being in no sense a New Woman she does not advocate a public career for her own sex. Her Majesty regards the home and its duties as the most fitting position to which a true woman can aspire, and does not hesitate to affirm that the fair daughters of Eve are physically and mentally inferior to men.

The Emperor is a man of varied tastes and great breadth of character. His Imperial Majesty is a reigning monarch in every sense of the word, and takes an active interest in affairs of State, and is intimately acquainted with the most minute details of military and naval routine. Besides inheriting from his English mother a taste for the arts, particularly music and painting, the Emperor is a thorough sportsman, an excellent shot, and is never so happy as when commanding his splendid yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, which for several years has been an attractive feature at Cowes Regatta. This vessel has been decorated in the most sumptuous manner. The decks are covered with linoleum, and over the upper deck an awning is stretched. The dining saloon is a handsome apartment, twenty-five feet broad and seventy-five feet long; with draperies of grey and white. In another saloon the prevailing colours are blue and silver, which contrast well with the bird's-eye maple used for the furniture, &c. The apartments of the Emperor are on the port side, those of the Empress on the starboard; and these with a study, conference room and cabins for the suite render the vessel a veritable floating palace.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY AND THEIR CHILDREN

The Ethics of Eating.

We all know the mistress of a household whose wildest flights of fancy never soar beyond



HARDS' FOOD MILL AT BEXLEY

so called plain English cookery, and who is content to regale herself and those who fall beneath her despotic sway on an interminable round of joints of beef, legs of mutton, fillets of veal, hashes, stews and minces *ad libitum*, followed by the substantial but indigestible puddings and sweets which such a woman regards as the acme of perfection. To hint to such a one that simple *entrées* are within the range of a cook of average intelligence; that fresh salads of various kinds can be prepared at less cost than the roots and cereals which appear at her table with such persistent regularity; that fruits daintily served have a distinct hygienic value, and that garnishing is not a dead art, is to make her your enemy for life and to give her a splendid excuse for pouring forth the vials of her wrath on your defenceless head. The British Matron is conservative to a painful degree, and even in the matter of sick room cookery (where nourishing and stimulating food often makes all the difference between running our appointed course in this world, or being prematurely transplanted to another sphere), she is not to be cajoled or persuaded into diverging by a hair's breadth from the regimen laid down by her mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and countless generations before them. Scientific researches for our benefit and the various aids to convalescence are set aside with withering contempt as new fangled notions unworthy of attention. Tell her that concentrated essences of meat or poultry are more easily digested by the sick than a greasy fluid she dignifies with the name of beef-tea, explain to her that certain foods can be assimilated by exhausted nature if associated with substances in which in the ordinary condition they are lacking, or point out in the gentlest possible manner that dietary rules must be obeyed, and she will turn upon you with sturdy indifference or pitying contempt and hold you up to ridicule for the rest of your life as a double distilled faddist whose whims no reasonable person would tolerate for a moment. It is sad, but nevertheless true, that we are all more or less dependent upon the smooth working of our digestive apparatus for the health and happiness which makes life worth living; and I firmly believe that Sir Francis Jeune's labours would be considerably lightened, and that domestic tragedies would be reduced to a minimum, if the ancient proverb referring to the most direct route to the human heart was more often put into practice. Whether one has to provide for the individual, the family, or the public at large, it cannot be done satisfactorily without considerable knowledge acquired from the best available sources, and administered with discretion. Theoretically we all desire that those who come after us shall be mentally and physically of the highest possible type; but how can this desirable end be attained, if in our own persons we act in direct opposition to Nature's laws and common sense, and ignore the elements provided by Providence which will satisfy the appetite, nourish the body, and elevate the mind.

Children's diet is a matter of the first importance, and one which should engage the attention of all mothers from the Equator to the Pole. For the first few months, under ordinary circumstances, nothing is so beneficial as the mother's milk for healthy infants, providing that she is in a normal state and that there is no likelihood of her transmitting hereditary disease. Where there is the slightest tendency to consumption, insanity, or kindred disorders, it is positively wicked for a woman to insist upon nursing her child, as by so doing she destroys the only remaining chance of health for her offspring. There are many objections to a wet nurse, and the only course then available, if its best interests are to be considered, is to bring the baby up by hand with the aid of a friendly cow, in conjunction with some of the specially prepared foods now in the market, which are manufactured on a scientific basis and from products calculated to

build up a healthy constitution. From a natural thirst for knowledge, and with the desire that the feminine readers of "Whispers" should profit by my researches, I have made some exhaustive enquiries on farinaceous foods used to bring up a child who is denied the ordinary sustenance provided by the mother. As time is perhaps the best test, only those which had been for several years in the market were discussed, and as I object to recommending anything of which I have little personal knowledge, I, one warm summer day, found myself at Charing Cross Station en route for Bexley to inspect the manufactory of Hards' Food, one of the oldest in the market, determined to discover if it was really all it claimed to be, and deserved what appeared to me the almost extravagant praise a conclave of mothers had accorded it. At first I thought the South Eastern Railway Company were amusing themselves at my expense, for three times did that train cross the Thames before we bid adieu to London chimney-pots. When, at last, we cleared the outskirts of the metropolis the journey was pleasant enough, and we sped by green pastures, luxuriant hop gardens, and fields of corn ripe for the sickle. Bexley is a quaint old Kentish town, with an ancient church whose curious steeple has weathered the storms of many hundreds of years. Recently it has been restored, and elaborately carved oak and stained glass of a high order, have rendered it one of the most artistic and interesting ecclesiastical edifices in the country. Approached through a lych-gate, and surrounded by a well-kept churchyard, in which many generations of the inhabitants of Bexley are resting, it has an air of almost rural simplicity, and one insensibly recalls the words of Gray's Elegy, written in a village churchyard.



MR. STEPHEN CANNON

In an elevated position a little beyond the church is the private residence of Mr. Stephen Cannon, a member of the firm of Messrs. Cannon and Gaze, Limited, and manufacturers of Hards' Food. After enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Cannon I was conducted over the mill, a picturesque building at the edge of a trout stream where, from the number of anglers,



MESSRS. CANNON AND GAZE'S MILL AND GRANARIES AT BRITH

I should imagine excellent sport could be enjoyed. The late Mr. Hards, the inventor of the farinaceous food, had the distinguished privilege of being Miller and Food Provider to her Majesty. Perhaps the food (which is one of the oldest and best known in the trade and was invented so long back as 1820) was used in the Royal nurseries, and accounts for the robust health and fine physique of the Princes and Princesses. Who can tell what the nation owes to Hards' Food? In its manufacture the most scientific machinery is employed, and the finest corn grown on a particular soil is the only kind used. The wheat is thrown into what is technically known as a rotary separator for removing the large from the small grains. After a polishing process, by means of brushes also worked by machinery, it is turned on to the grinding-stone, the coarsest of the bran is taken away, and finally it is thoroughly cooked, when it is ready for packing, as it is exported to all parts of the world, and is renowned for its keeping qualities. It is also pleasant to know that from the time the corn is put into the separator till it is brought into the warehouse to be packed it is untouched by hand. When germ theories are constantly brought before our notice, and complete evolution of the microbe is only a work of time, surely this is another point in its favour. It should also be stated that it is recommended by Dr. L. Beckingsale, house physician to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, whose own little daughter was fed on it with great success. It is largely used in St. Mary's Home, Brook Green Road, Hammersmith, and I was allowed to inspect many unsolicited testimonials to the value and nutritious qualities of Hards' Food from America, Austria, Australia, and from various districts in the British Islands.

Those who desire to prove its efficacy for delicate children and elderly people can procure it from any grocer or chemist. For the convenience of purchasers it is put up in 2d., 6d. and 1s. packets, also in tins of 2s. and 5s. each. I shall be glad to hear from those of our readers who have used Hards' Food with success, and shall esteem it a favour if it has pleased them if they will make it known as widely as possible among their friends.

Fashions and Fripperies.

Shop-gazing has a fascination for most women which the more serious employments of life do not always command; and when confined within reasonable limits, there appears to be no special cause why it should not be indulged in. The windows which line our principal thoroughfares are laid out with such exquisite taste, that they afford the observant eye and retentive mind many lessons gratis in colour, form, and proportion; and suggest artistic combinations to be put in practice in the home, which otherwise would never be thought of. To infer that women cannot look without being overwhelmed with an irresistible desire to buy is, I sincerely believe, a cruel libel on the sex. That we can spend, and *spend* royally when circumstances are favourable, I do not deny, but to state that we disburse our incomes without adequate return—and just for the sake of spending—is an insult to our common sense and against the weight of evidence. How can the average woman clothe herself with becoming dignity and with due respect for her husband's income unless she mixes with the crowd and becomes acquainted with the prevailing modes. To suddenly find out that you require some article of dress and to dash into the first store which presents itself, is neither a satisfactory nor an economical proceeding, and one the well-dressed woman never adopts. She prefers to overhaul her wardrobe at convenient intervals so as to know what she will require in the near future; then she can provide for her necessities to the best advantage, and without undue hurry and confusion. If she does not find what she needs on a first attempt it is not of paramount importance that she should purchase there and then. A little delay will make no difference, and by going further afield she is enabled to find goods which in all



TEA-GOWN

respects meet her demands. To look our best is a distinct duty we owe to ourselves and mankind (I use the noun in a generic rather than a special sense), and especially should a plain woman exercise care in this respect. The manner in which so many give way early in life is simply appalling. While still in the bloom of womanhood, they assume the habits and dress of decrepitude, submit to be placed on the social shelf without a murmur, and calmly allow those slightly their junior, even in some cases their seniors, to appropriate all the good things of this life, and to monopolise the attention of all and sundry. Mothers in the prime of life willingly allow anyone who can be persuaded to do so, to chaperone their daughters and to pilot them through the social eddies and quicksands of their first season rather than exert themselves to make the effort (so fatal to women of the Mrs. Dombey order), and fail to exercise the lawful authority and responsibility which maternity entails. The unmarried woman, conscious that she is no longer in her first youth, and indifferent to the charms of maturity, takes to knitting socks in obscure corners, and assumes an air of middle-agedness in manner and dress, which at once adds ten years to her span of existence and conveys to the casual observer that she is fast approaching, if she has not actually passed, the boundary line between youth and old age. What valid reason is there, I should like to know, why such individuals should be cut off from the enjoyments civilisation has provided for their benefit? The young are selfish rather from ignorance than design; but their impulses are good, and they may be turned in the right direction if we appeal to their hearts. At this stage their intellects are rarely to be depended on, for it requires years of sorrow and discipline to mellow this portion of the human anatomy and to smooth down the angles of our dispositions.



BALL DRESS

Colours of great depth and richness prevail this autumn both for millinery and dress goods, and are more becoming to the majority than the lighter and more brilliant hues of the earlier months of the year. A very charming design is given for a tea-gown composed of three materials. The skirt and sleeves are of golden-brown poplin, the revers are formed of handsome brocade of the same tint, and the vest and frills are of closely-pleated foulard. The gown fastens at the side, and the opening is concealed by a plain band of ribbon terminating in a bow. This is a thoroughly useful and practical garment, eminently suited for the home circle and not likely soon to get out of condition. A pretty ball dress can be made from silver-grey silk chiffon lined with rose-pink satin. Bands of steel sequins are introduced on the corsage with excellent effect. A stylish autumn walking costume is shown in the last sketch. The bodice, skirt and sleeves are of Robin-Hood green cloth, relieved by revers and gathered vest of ivory satin edged and trimmed with a narrow green silk cord. The hat is of velvet of the same shade as the dress, and has plumes of dark green feathers and large bows of ivory satin ribbon.



WALKING COSTUME

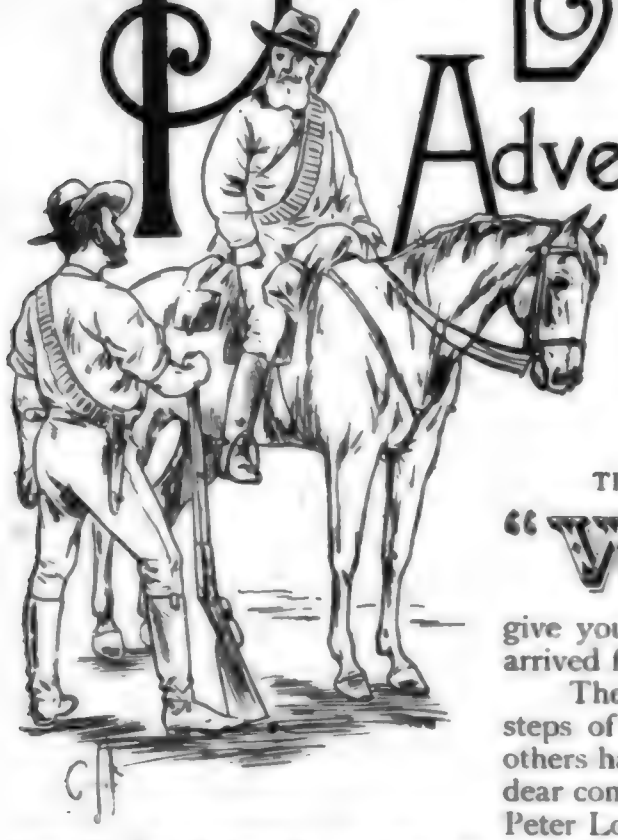
Fabrics with a rough or patterned surface are in great demand, and combinations of wool and silk are very effective, especially in two colours. Many, however, remain faithful to materials which appear season after

season and which are never really out of fashion; such, for example, as velveteen, serge, cashmere, glacé silk, satin, &c. The new qualities and shades in velveteen require an expert to distinguish between their soft, lustrous folds and those of the best Genoa velvet, and the moderate price at which it can be obtained brings it within the reach of all classes. It is specially suitable for handsome visiting costumes, for tea-gowns, and for simple evening dresses, and no longer do we see a number of different materials mingled in heterogeneous confusion in one garment, for the fiat has gone forth that one, or at most two, shall be used in a single garment.

To the busy housewife this period of the year suggests many changes in the domestic realm. The summer draperies and other household plenishings of a light and airy character, appropriate enough in bright sunshine and with the thermometer at 80° in the shade, must now be replaced by those of heavier texture. For a variety of purposes, but particularly for curtains, table-covers, and bedspreads, the new printed velveteens are admirably adapted when edged with a double frill of silk. The easy chair and tea table under the open window was convenient in June when the cup that cheers was eagerly sought for by the tennis players on the lawn, but now one naturally turns to the fireside as days shorten, equinoctial gales proclaim their presence, and the flights of birds announce that winter is at hand. This is the time to arrange those Oriental portières which we regarded as such bargains at the summer sales, to throw a handsome fur rug over the lounge, whose covering is slightly the worse for wear, to place a pretty screen at a convenient angle, and to fill our vases with the spoils of wood and dell—gloriously tinted bracken and autumn foliage with bowls of shaded chrysanthemums and other seasonable flowers. Brass and copper jardinières filled with hardy ferns gleam in the ruddy fire-light, and yellow or crimson lamp-shades replace those of delicate white green or rose tints which have done good service during the last few months, but have now lost their pristine freshness.

THE many readers of the LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE who have perused with interest John Strange Winter's short stories, will offer a warm welcome to her latest book, which cannot fail to increase her world-wide reputation. "The Magnificent Young Man" is a charming love story, and though like most of this author's heroes he is in the army, his profession is subservient to his history, and that of the woman he takes to wife. Without revealing the plot—which is carefully thought out, and presented to the world in the most attractive manner—it is no breach of confidence to say that a secret marriage is the cause of many difficulties, as such marriages always are, as they need so much explanation afterwards. The characters are cleverly drawn, and are distinguished by a natural bearing which is one of greatest charms of Mrs. Stannard's work. She describes people we all know in every-day life: living, breathing, moving beings, not automatic figures, with no more resemblance to humanity than the puppets in a marionnette show. The simplicity of her work and the absence of analysis of motive makes reading her books a pleasant pastime, and this is really what we want in a novel, not complicated descriptions of intensely wicked or super-naturally good people, with whom the majority of readers have nothing in common.

Peter Longfellow's Adventures.



By COLIN CARRE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING OF OLD FRIENDS.

"WHERE have I been? My dear boy that's a bigger question than I can answer in a few words, but I can give you a sort of reply by saying I have just arrived from Zanzibar."

The two men, who had just met on the steps of the Wanderers' Club, had gripped each others hands with the loving warmth of old and dear comrades. The one who was speaking was Peter Longfellow. His appearance confirmed his speech, for his hands and face, even his throat where the white collar of civilisation encircled it, were tanned by the sun of the tropics to the tint of a walnut-peeler's fingers. Crisp curling brown hair and beard, dark grey eyes which looked one straight in the face with the same fearlessness that had encountered many perils and never faltered, in stature somewhere about the average height but looking shorter through the great breadth of shoulder and muscular development of limbs, made up a figure that impressed the observer with feelings of regard if he was a friend and respect if he was an enemy. Such was Peter Longfellow at the age of thirty-four, as he now stands talking to his friend. This latter looked almost boyish beside him, but Rupert Glendale was his friend's contemporary in age, though his clean shaved cheeks and slighter figure made him appear younger.

They had been schoolmates together, and later had been bosom friends and companions. Both were true born sportsmen at heart, and in earlier manhood they had shot and fished together over most of the land and rivers in their native county. Then Rupert had married, and so the two friends little by little drifted apart, and Peter had extended his wanderings, for the last four years he had been hunting and exploring the unknown interior of Central Africa.

After three years of married life, Rupert Glendale had lost his wife, and now when his old chum returned, he welcomed him with all his heart.

"It warms my heart to see you again, Pete," said Glendale, as he passed his arm through that of his friend's, "come up to my rooms. I'm a solitary man again. My darling wife died two years ago."

"Poor old chap," replied the other. "Yes, I heard little Lucy had gone to the great unknown."

For a few minutes they walked on in silence, each thinking of the sweet soul

that had taken flight. Rupert was the first to speak. "Are you going to stay home now, Pete?" he asked.

"No, I think not, only for a little while; you see I've no ties to keep me here, and the narrow paths of civilisation with its ceremonies gall me. No, Glenny," he went on, dropping back familiarly on the pet name of younger days, "as soon as I get through my little business affairs that have brought me home, I shall be off again. A couple of months will see me on my way out."

When they reached Glendale's flat the short afternoon was rapidly closing into twilight, and his valet and general factotum, Fisk, had first drawn the blinds and lighted the gas. The cheerful fire flickered invitingly, and Peter Longfellow felt that his two months at home might yet afford him more pleasure than he had anticipated.

"Hullo, Fisk, how are you?" exclaimed Pete, as he recognised his friend's servant.

The man addressed turned sharply about and gazed for a moment at his interlocutor; then the long absent face of his master's old chum recalled itself to his memory, and he exclaimed eagerly:

"Why, surely it's Mr. Pete himself. God bless you, sir; but I scarcely recognised you when you spoke. But you're looking hearty, sir, and no mistake."

"Yes, Jack Fisk, I'm very well, thank you."

"Surely you are, indeed, sir," and Jack Fisk's eyes opened wide as they roamed over the muscular figure before him, whilst he slowly passed out of the room.

"Here you are, Pete," said Glendale, drawing the cosiest chair more forward; "sit down there and tell me where you've been and what you've been doing all these years."

Pete laughed at his friend's question, a happy, full bodied laugh that was good to hear.

"If you keep me here, old man, till you hear all my wanderings we shall have a late sitting," he answered, "but before I say a word tell me how you've been yourself—your doings first and mine afterwards."

So Rupert Glendale told his chum of the grief that had come upon him when his darling wife died, and how since then he had moped about until Fisk had persuaded him to renew his old sports of fishing and shooting.

Pete's eyes gazed into the bright flames that flared and sputtered in the grate as his friend went on with his narrative, turning his head occasionally to glance at Glendale.

"Your happiness was indeed short, old friend," he said sympathetically when Rupert had finished; then he went on, "I told you when we first met that I had heard of Lucy's death; if you like I will tell you how I first knew it. It is a strange story."

Glendale looked up as Pete uttered these last curious words.

"How do you mean strange, Pete?" he asked.

"Listen Glenny, and when I've finished I think you will agree with me," he answered.

"When I left England just over four years ago," Peter commenced, "I first went to Cape Town and travelled up the banks of the Limpopo. I accompanied a couple of hunters who were after ivory, and had a rare good time; they were both thorough good fellows, but one of them, poor Hans, got terribly mauled by an elephant, and after a few days of great pain and suffering he died. This sad accident quite put an end to our plans, and the other man returned to the Cape, whilst I made my way to Natal. We had a couple of boys with us, as the natives are styled out there, and a native chief who was a Zanzibari, and it was chiefly owing to his reports of the curious and strange country in the interior of Zanzibar that decided me to make for that part of Africa.

"So Hartmann and I parted, each taking a boy to help carry our traps, and

Gubenlos, as the chief was named, accompanied me to Natal. Here I renewed my stock of necessaries, ammunition and so forth, and after a few weeks we got a passage on a schooner for Zanzibar.

"I won't go into all the incidents of our voyage and the earlier adventures of our journey into the interior now; it would take too long and I want to come to the portion referring to how I heard of Lucy's death.

"For two years I had hunted and wandered over vast plains and trackless forests that had never known the tread of a white man, at least not for generations. Gubenlos was always with me, and he had proved himself on many occasions to be made of the stuff that heroes are formed. You will hear more of him another time if my yarning does not bore you; let it suffice now to say that Gubenlos was my guide, philosopher and friend. We had been hunting on the uplands of a vast plateau east of the Tanganika lake and were on friendly terms with Pussetola, the chief of the district, whose hospitality we accepted from time to time. During one of our sojourns with this tribe they were attacked by one of their numerous enemies, and Gubenlos and myself naturally joined in the defence of the kraals. Our rifles were an unexpected item in the proceedings, and the foe were soon beaten off and pursued by our friends with much slaughter. Our victory was, however, not bloodless on our side, for several natives were killed outright and many received more or less serious wounds. Amongst the wounded was Pussetola's chief minister and astrologer; he was a curious old fellow, reserved and self-contained, and was regarded with mixed awe and reverence by his fellow villagers. He was not related to Pussetola's tribe by blood relationship, but had arrived amongst them in the previous chief's reign and remained there ever since.



"'GUBENLOS ACCOMPANIED ME TO NATAL'"

"At first his hurt was not regarded seriously, and he retired to his kraal to mix up some decoction to cure himself, refusing anyone's assistance. After a few days, however, the wound, which was an assegai thrust in the thigh, became so inflamed and painful that old Yantke, as he was called, became delirious, and his shouts and cries attracted attention to the hut wherein the poor old chap lay in the throes of

fever. None of the natives would enter his kraal, for Yantke had sternly forbidden anyone to do so on pain of fearful penalties. The noises that were proceeding from Yantke's kraal were believed by the superstitious tribesmen to emanate from devils and evil spirits, who were quarrelling with the old man. The occurrence, however, was reported to Pussetola, and, as I happened to be present, I volunteered to go to Yantke's hut and see what was wrong. When I drew near, and the natives knew that I had undertaken to enter the kraal, they tried their utmost to dissuade me from proceeding, but I soon recognised that old Yantke's ravings were the outcome of delirium, as I had already half surmised. When they saw that I was determined to go into the kraal they silently made way for me, holding up their right hands, as their custom is, to exorcise the evil spirits within, at the same time uttering a dirge-like chant for my protection. I found Yantke in a raging fever, his eyes were rolling with delirium, and on examining his wound it showed that acute inflammation had set in. The poor old fellow was suffering excruciating pain, and was parched with thirst. He drank the cup of water which I held to his lips with eagerness, and then I washed and bathed his wound. Gubenlos, as soon as he knew I was engaged with Yantke, came to my aid, and between us we kept watch until the fever had subsided, and in a few days our patient was out of danger.

"I have gone into these details rather minutely, Glendale," remarked Peter, "because my doctoring of Yantke led up to our becoming great friends, and later on I learnt many strange matters from him.

"A little while after, when he was beginning to get about again, he and I were sitting at the door of his kraal. I had by this time acquired a good knowledge of their language, and Yantke, when in the humour, had a fund of information about neighbouring tribes and nature's secrets, which made his conversation very interesting.

"Yantke's age was a mystery amongst the tribe in which he had settled; he was reputed to have appeared much the same when he first came among them as he was now. We had been talking of the various races which made up the mixed peoples of Africa, and he stated that far away to the north there existed a nation of light-coloured people, much like myself, who dressed in beautiful clothes of silk and linen. At the time I imagined he was referring to the Arabs, but afterwards I learnt differently. Then we fell to discussing religions and the immortality of the soul. I was surprised to find that Yantke not only believed in a future existence and an Omnipotent King who was the Father of all, but he asserted that under certain conditions the ethereal spirit could be detached from the body of flesh whilst the latter was still alive and could enter the realms of space and again return."

"Yes, we have heard of such impossibilities before," said Glendale, "but it was strange that ignorant nigger should hold such opinions."

"I should have said the same at one time," Peter answered, "but I have learnt otherwise. I pooh poohed Yantke's assertion, even as you have done, Glenny, and he answered me thus: 'Ravanka,' for that was their native name for me, meaning in their tongue, indomitable, in English you might call it pig-headed."

Glendale laughed at his friend's sobriquet, for it fitted him most accurately. At school he was renowned for his obstinacy; nothing turned him from the purpose he had in view and this character stuck to him even now.

Peter continued as soon as his friend's mirth had quieted, "'Ravanka,' said Yantke, 'you know many things, but you know not all. Know you what the birds say to each other, or how they foretell the coming storm? Know you the sense by which the bee wends its way to its own home from the distant fields miles away? Know you what those stars contain,' he went on, raising his forefinger towards the heavens which, the night being brilliantly clear, shone with magnificent effect, 'or how they came there? or what they are made of? or the sun by day or the moon by night, know you any of these things Ravanka? Ye answered me before, that

He whom you call God made the stars and the sun and the moon, and this land whereon we dwell. Well, how do you know that He did? You were told so, your father's fathers' first fathers have transmitted their belief to you and you believe as they did—good; but did they learn everything to tell to their children? No, I say. As we grow older we learn more. Does not the grey beard's knowledge exceed that of the child? Then why not believe what I tell you, Ravanka? Have I two tongues, one to speak the truth and the other to talk falsely? You shake your head, Ravanka, but your heart still doubts.'

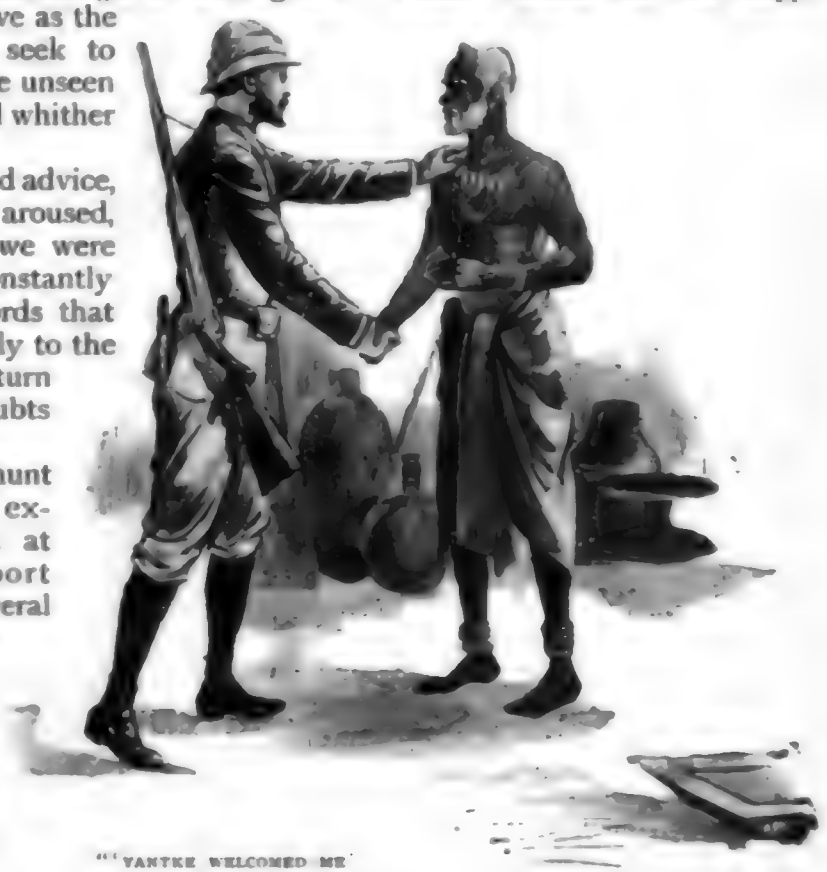
"For some minutes Yantke sat motionless, abstractedly staring into the gathering gloom of night, then he resumed, as though no pause had broken his speech, 'We have opened our hearts to each other, Ravanka, you and I; you alone of all these' waving his hand towards the village nestling at our feet in the shade of the hills 'solaced my suffering when I lay ill, and watched by my side while they held back. I will prove to you that the words of Yantke are not idle words, and later we may discuss other secrets which are hidden to the understanding of ordinary mankind.'

"With that he rose to retire for the night, saying, 'When you return from your hunt we will renew our conversation and you shall learn that I have spoken the truth.'

"I was going with Pussetola on the following day for a week's sport; Gubenlos, of course, accompanied me, and I was so impressed with Yantke's sincerity and belief in his own views that I opened my mind to Gubenlos to elicit his opinions on the subject that was uppermost in my thoughts. Gubenlos listened attentively to my story. 'I have heard that such men of much wisdom exist,' he replied, 'and Yantke has always borne a character for knowledge and power far above ordinary men's attainments; but beware, Ravanka, lest he teach you too much, for evil lies in great knowledge as does good. Yantke seems not too happy himself; better far to live as the good spirit wills than seek to pass the threshold of the unseen by paths which may lead whither we know not.'

"Gubenlos gave good advice, but my curiosity was aroused, and during the time we were away my mind so constantly returned to Yantke's words that I looked forward eagerly to the time when we should return so I might put my doubts to the test.

My delight in the hunt was dwarfed by this expectancy, and I fretted at the abundance of sport which delayed us several days over the appointed time for our return.



"'YANTKE WELCOMED ME'

CHAPTER II.

A CURIOUS NARRATIVE.

"YOU may be sure, Glenny, directly our hunting party returned

to the village," Peter proceeded, "I lost no time in making my way to my late patient's kraal. Yantke was preparing his evening meal and welcomed me almost affectionately. The old man was looking quite himself again, and in reply to my first inquiry as to his wound he said it was now quite healed. I joined him in his simple repast, and when we had finished I proffered my request that he should redeem his promise and prove to me that the spirit could be released from its earthly body and wander through space.

"As I spoke he gazed earnestly at me; then without more ado he bade me enter his hut and recline on a heap of skins which he built up into a comfortable sort of divan. Closing the entrance of the kraal he next lighted a lamp; it was a primitive affair, just a floating wick in a vessel of oil, and gave but a feeble light. He then addressed me in a few words of encouragement.

"'You need have no fear, Ravanka, as to the result of your transformation, for your spirit will be released for but a little while. You must centre your mind on whatever spot you wish to visit, even the far-off land across the great waters that you have told me of, and then you will acknowledge that Yantke speaks truly.'

"With this he poured some powder on to the lighted wick, and immediately the kraal became filled with a subtle perfume. It had a sweet but pungent odour which seemed to excite my senses with a feeling of hilarity much as laughing gas does. Yantke then came and sat beside me, taking my left hand in his, and said:

"'Close your eyes, Ravanka, and dream of your country.'

"I did as he desired me and then I seemed to pass into sleep. How or when the transition came I do not know, but my next sensation was as though I was shooting through the air. Below all was dark save when here and there patches of water reflected back the rays of the moon, which was nearly at its zenith; above, the stars seemed brighter than I had ever known them to be. On and on with the lights and shadows below ever coming and vanishing; then a broader flash of light many times larger than I had yet noticed; then more intermingled darkness and minor lights and at last another large streak of luminous matter but smaller than the previous mass and then I felt my movement slowly dwindling and softly I came to rest.

"I was in a large, dimly lighted room in which a sad event had just taken place. There was a bed in the room by the side of which a man knelt with bowed head, his breast heaving with tearless sobs which failed to bring relief to the haggard eyes, visible to me although his face lay hidden in the bed-clothes. His two outstretched hands clasped between them the pale, thin fingers of a young girl who had just breathed her last. The masses of reddy-brown hair served but to enhance the wasted, colourless cheeks of the dead girl. At the foot of the bed stood another figure, a woman who wept quietly, the tears coursing silently down her face as she gazed at the living man and the dead woman. Farther away with one arm resting on the mantel-piece stood a grey-haired, kindly-featured man, on the little finger of the hand on which his chin rested, flashed the iridescent lights of a jewelled ring, of which the stones were a magnificent opal set between two diamonds."

Rupert Glendale had listened with increasing interest to his friend's curious narrative, and now he leaned forward with parted lips and every nerve strung for the next words. Peter seemed not to notice him, keeping his gaze set on the flickering embers in the grate as though he was reading from them, and after a moment's pause he continued.

"Then the grey-haired man silently moved to where the woman stood at the foot of the bed, and touching her on the shoulder beckoned her to follow him and they both left the room.

"It could only have been a few minutes that passed whilst all this was happening, then the room and its occupants appeared to fade away from my vision, and presently I was again traversing space, this time in the reverse direction, and then the strange feeling of settling to rest and dropping down occurred, and I was

in Yantke's kraal. There was the little lamp and everything as I knew it, and Yantke sat beside my body still holding my hand. This sight faded as had the other, and presently my eyes opened, and Yantke was gazing at me as though he would read my very soul. Then he released my hand, saying:

"'Lie quiet for a short time, Ravanka; I am going to fetch some water.'"

"Great heavens, Pete," at last Glendale excitedly exclaimed, "that was Lucy's deathbed scene you have just related;" and jumping up he rapidly paced up and down the room; then stopping suddenly beside his friend, he said more quietly, "Pete, old man, what made you come to us?"

"You were my greatest chum, Glenny. You know I have no near relations, and I thought I would like to see how you and Lucy were getting on."

"Did you ever try it again?"

"No; Yantke wouldn't humour me any more. I tried him hard, too. I pretended it was a dream that had come to me, and endeavoured to pique him to another experiment; but it was no good. He only replied, 'Ravanka, you will one day find that it is no dream, then the seal of proof will convince you that the white man's knowledge is still incomplete. Now let us forget it.'"

"Can such things be?" murmured Glendale, apostrophising space.

"I believe so," answered Peter; "at any rate, I have but related what happened; the means by which the—how shall I name it?—the ethereal flight was brought about is locked in Yantke's breast."

CHAPTER III.

DUTCH JACOB.

DURING the next few days Peter and his friend spent most of their time together, and the exciting stories of sport and adventure which Peter related of his travels in the wilds of Africa so fired Glendale's adventurous spirit, that he decided to return with Pete and take his share of the good things to be found there. Peter Longfellow was only too delighted to have his friend's companionship; he knew his nature, and did not fear that the hardships would prove too great for him, once he shook off the effeminacy of civilised living and got acclimatised to the country.

Glendale's servant, Jack Fisk, begged to be taken with his master.

"Surely, Mr. Pete, you cannot leave me at home. What would my master do without me to attend to his clothes and keep things straight?"

Peter smiled at Fisk's ideas of African travel.

"Mr. Glendale's clothes won't trouble him much, Jack," he replied, "for he won't wear any worth mentioning, certainly not worth troubling about."

Jack Fisk raised his hands in mute astonishment at this astounding assertion.

"Not wear clothes!" at last he exclaimed; "surely, sir, you're joking?"

Then Peter explained the modicum of wearing apparel that was requisite for the expedition they were engaged on, and after a while Jack abandoned his ideas of what he considered such an important necessary; but he still pleaded to be allowed to accompany them.

"Well, we must see what your capabilities are, Jack," answered Peter, with a merry twinkle in his eye. At this moment Jack's master came in, and Peter explained that Jack was desirous of making one of their party, and he was going to examine him as to his fitness.

"First of all, Jack, can you fight?" began his tormentor.

"Surely I can do that, sir," replied Jack, throwing out his chest at the thought. "Why, I was the likeliest lad in our parts when I was a youngster, and not one of the boys could lick me. Yes, surely, I can fight."

"That's one to you then. Now, can you ride and shoot, Jack?"

"Ask the master, sir, if I can't."

Glendale nodded his head in acquiescence to Jack's assertion.

"Good," answered Pete; "one more question, Jack, and if that's satisfactory you will pass your examination."

"Yes, sir; what is it?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"Can you starve?" came the unexpected query.

This seemed such a poser to honest Jack that he could only look from one to the other and scratch his head bewilderedly, then he asked, slowly, "For how long must I starve, sir?"

"Oh, say—let me see," replied Pete, reflectively, "say three days and three nights. I daresay that would do to start with."

"I might, sir. Anyhow, I could try."

"Very well, Jack, on that understanding I think you would do. What do you say, Glenny?" and Peter turned to his friend. So it was settled that Jack Fisk should share his master's adventures, and he departed his face wreathed with happy smiles at the prospect of seeing that strange country of which he had heard Mr. Peter Longfellow tell such stirring tales.

Jack Fisk was not such a noodle as his conversation might indicate. Man and boy he had served Rupert Glendale faithfully for fifteen years and was treated by his master more as a friend and confidant than a servant. He was a handy fellow too, a bit of a carpenter, could ride and break in a horse, take a gun to pieces and clean it, and turn his hand to many little things that do not come within the scope of an ordinary valet.

As they might be away for years Rupert Glendale had none too much time to make his preparations, and the ensuing weeks were fully occupied in getting ready for the trip.

Peter Longfellow had his own private matters soon settled, so that at the arranged time he was ready to be off.

In those days steamers to South Africa did not run so frequently as nowadays, and there were few boats that went to Natal, which was the starting point for the second part of their voyage, whence they would proceed to Zanzibar.

The voyage out was made without any untoward event, and in due time they were landed at Natal. Here they had to wait a fortnight for a coasting vessel to take them on to Zanzibar.

When Peter left Zanzibar, he had promised Gubenlos that he would return within seven or eight moons, and they agreed to meet at Umfolos, fifty miles inland from Bagamoyo, where Gubenlos promised to wait for his white friend for three moons.

The seventh moon was at its full when they were sailing up the African coast ten days after they weighed anchor in Natal harbour, so that if all went well the travellers would arrive in good time. The wind held steady, and twelve days later the little schooner was safely anchored at her moorings.

Scarcely had Peter and his friends landed ere Glendale saw a dark-skinned native stride up to Pete, and, touching him on the shoulder, say in excellent English: "Welcome, Ravanka," and at the touch Peter Longfellow turned, and the two men grasped each other's hands.

Peter introduced Glendale to Gubenlos, for it was he, and then turning to Jack Fisk said to Gubenlos, "This is also my friend.

Gubenlos again stretched out his hand to Jack, saying: "Friends of my friend are my friends," then he turned to Peter. "I was weary with waiting at Umfolos, Ravanka, and when the seventh moon drew nigh I left word I was going to meet you, and journeyed hither to catch the first glimpse of the sail that was carrying my friend hither." Then the two friends fell into conversation in Gubenlos' native dialect. The news that he heard evidently pleased Peter, for presently he beckoned to Glendale, and said, "We're in luck, Glenny, my boy, Gubenlos tells one that a trader's expedition is just getting ready to start inland, and one of my old chums is the leader. He will be delighted, I am sure, for us to accompany him as far as our

ways lie together. Let Jack stay here and look after our luggage, while we run up and see him." So Jack Fisk was left behind to get together the things they had brought out from England, and the two friends went off, with Gubenlos for their guide, to find Dutch Jacob.

Mr. Jacob was a Dutchman, as his sobriquet indicated, he had passed the greatest part of his life in trading with the native chiefs in the vast territories on the hinterland of Zanzibar. Ivory, skins, and gold dust were the chief commodities in which he trafficked, but he was not particular what form the exchange took so long as there was an honest penny to be turned. His ideas of the word honest were somewhat wide, perhaps, but on the principle that exchange was no robbery, he had built up a large connection with the aforesaid chieftains as a man to be relied upon, and square in his dealings.

They found the redoubtable Jacob straddling an empty barrel in the courtyard



"'WELCOME RAVANKA"

of his dwelling-place, and solacing himself with a veritable home-made Dutch pipe of the capacity of an ounce or so of tobacco.

"Hullo, Jacob, my friend," shouted Peter as the Dutchman's well-remembered figure came in sight.

"Eh! who's that?" answered Dutch Jacob, slowly rising from his seat and shading his eyes from the sun, with a hand which would pass muster in size and colour for a small smoked ham.

As the approaching figures came nearer he called out again, "Who called Jacob?" Then he recognised the stalwart figure coming towards him beside Gubenlos.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed, "it's Peter. Vell, I never so astonished vas. Vy, Peter, mein frendt, I thought you vas to England gone. Vell, I'm more glad to see you than a drove of elephants. How vas you, my phoy?" and the delighted Jacob almost hugged Pete in his exuberance. "Your frendt," said Jacob, as Glendale was introduced, "is velcome for your sake," and the voluble fellow nearly crunched Rupert's hand to emphasise his words. "Now come and make yourselves comfortable;" and Jacob fished out a couple of stools and an empty gin case to accommodate his visitors, shouting out all the while for his native servant.

"Vere is dat lazy devil Cobber got to? Cobber! Cob-ber!"

Copper at last responded to these repeated calls, and came running up.

"Vere have you been, you lazy scamp?" said Jacob, almost breathless with his exertions.

"Boss told me to go to the stores for some tea," replied Copper.

"Mein Gott! dat vas an hour ago. Vell, have you got it?"

"No, boss; the boss there said he no trust me; he send it presently."

This reply still more exasperated Jacob, and Copper thought it was advisable to make himself scarce, and vanished into the hut, whence he presently emerged with two cups without handles, a broken glass, a tin mug and a squat, black bottle of gin and a jug of water.

The sight somewhat mollified Jacob, and his anger vanished as quickly as it had risen. When he had helped his guests he raised the tin mug, which he had filled for himself, and nodding gravely towards them, he tossed his portion off in one gulp.

Then Peter opened on the expedition that was about to start.

"Gubenlos tells me you are going up country at once, Jacob."

Dutch Jacob nodded, adding: "We start in two or three days' time."

"It is scarcely necessary to ask you, I know," Pete went on, "but my friends and I are going up, and we should be delighted to accompany you."

"My tear phoy, vhy ask such a ting; you're more velcome than I can say. Vill Gubenlos come, too?"

"Yes," answered Peter.

"Goot, very goot," said Jacob, nodding at Gubenlos, who nodded gravely back.

So they arranged the details of the journey, and Jacob insisted on their bringing all their goods and luggage up to his house, and remaining as his guests until their departure.

The next two days were busily spent in getting ready. Jacob had two carts, which were filled with various merchandise for his trade, and Peter bought a third cart to carry their own things. Four spans of oxen were necessary to draw each cart. Jacob had eight boys and four natives to look after the oxen, and, if necessary, defend the caravan from attack. Peter engaged a couple of boys, or rather Gubenlos did so for him, and on the third day the party started on their long journey.

CHAPTER IV.

GLENNY'S FIRST LION.

THERE was little out of the ordinary to engage their attention for the first few days of their journey. Both Glendale and Jack Fisk were much interested in the new method of journeying, and Glendale, with Jack at his side, made wide detours as they trekked further inland, on the look out for game. At first they were not very successful, but as the carts passed into wilder country they occasionally obtained a distant view of small herds of buck at which still less frequently they managed to get near enough to have a shot.

Peter was too old a hand to waste his powder at such shy quarry, but Gubenlos

accompanied the two Englishmen at times. Fortunately he happened to be with them on one occasion when, excited by the proximity of a herd of antelope which they had been indefatigably stalking all the afternoon, they had at last marked them down on the side of a gentle hill, along the valley of which a fringe of bush gave the sportsmen sufficient cover to approach within range. Glendale had just dropped on one knee, his rifle covering a beautiful buck who, all unsuspicious of the nearness of his enemy, was quietly browsing a little in advance of the herd, his finger was on the trigger, and another second the bullet would have been despatched on its message of death, when Gubenlos, with a low warning "hist," touched Rupert sharply on the shoulder. As the latter looked up rapidly Gubenlos held his finger up to ensure silence, and then stealing stealthily forward he peered through the topmost branches of a clump of bush that stood towards their left. Returning instantly with noiseless tread he stooped down and whispered in Glendale's ear, "There is a lion stretched out asleep just beyond, see there are marks of his pads," pointing to some slight indentations in the soft ground right under Glendale, and which passed inward round the break in the bush.

All thoughts of the buck vanished at Gubenlos' momentous words, and Glendale afterwards told Pete that the thoughts of the nearness of the king of the forest made his heart thump so loudly that he almost expected Gubenlos could hear it. Then Gubenlos, with his eyes fixed in the direction where the lion lay, instructed him how to proceed. The lion, he explained, was lying with his head almost facing them, and he proposed that they should crawl forward as noiselessly as possible, and when they were close enough to see the animal through the foliage he would bleat like a kid, and immediately the lion raised his head Glendale was to fire; if the first shot was not fatal Jack Fisk was to fire, and then, if necessary, he would fire last.

They examined their rifles carefully to see that all was right, and then they moved forward, each crouching almost on all fours, with Gubenlos leading; they were all close together, and when Gubenlos got close to the bushes they all peeped through.

The lion was no longer asleep, something had disturbed him or his nap was over. He appeared to glance curiously towards the bush that hid the hunters, but he had no intention of going off till he had satisfied himself that he was mistaken, for he rose leisurely, and giving his handsome mane a shake much as a dog does when rising from a nap, he slowly approached the bush.

Gubenlos whispered Gendale to fire at his chest, and almost immediately the latter pulled the trigger. It was impossible to miss at the distance, though Glendale felt afraid that his excitement might prevent his aim being so true as it should be. Mingled with the discharge of the rifle came an appalling roar, and Gubenlos, who was crouching beside Glendale, fired almost instantly. Another roar followed, and at the same moment Glendale saw the immense body of the infuriated beast hurtled through the bush right over their heads. They sprang to their feet simultaneously and Jack Fisk brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired at the lion as he lay in a heap a few yards away. But it was unnecessary, for the brute was dead, and when they came to examine him Gubenlos found Glendale's bullet had been truly aimed and the lion's spring was his last effort; his own bullet had passed through the lion's shoulder.

When Glendale had finished examining the great body he turned to look for the antelopes, but they had bounded off at his first discharge and he felt no disposition to proceed on their tracks at present; so as soon as Gubenlos had skinned their victim they made their way back to the waggons, which they reached just before dusk. Peter was beginning to get anxious at the absence of his friend, but knowing Gubenlos was with them he had not feared anything more serious than that they had strayed farther than they expected. When, however, he heard the story of

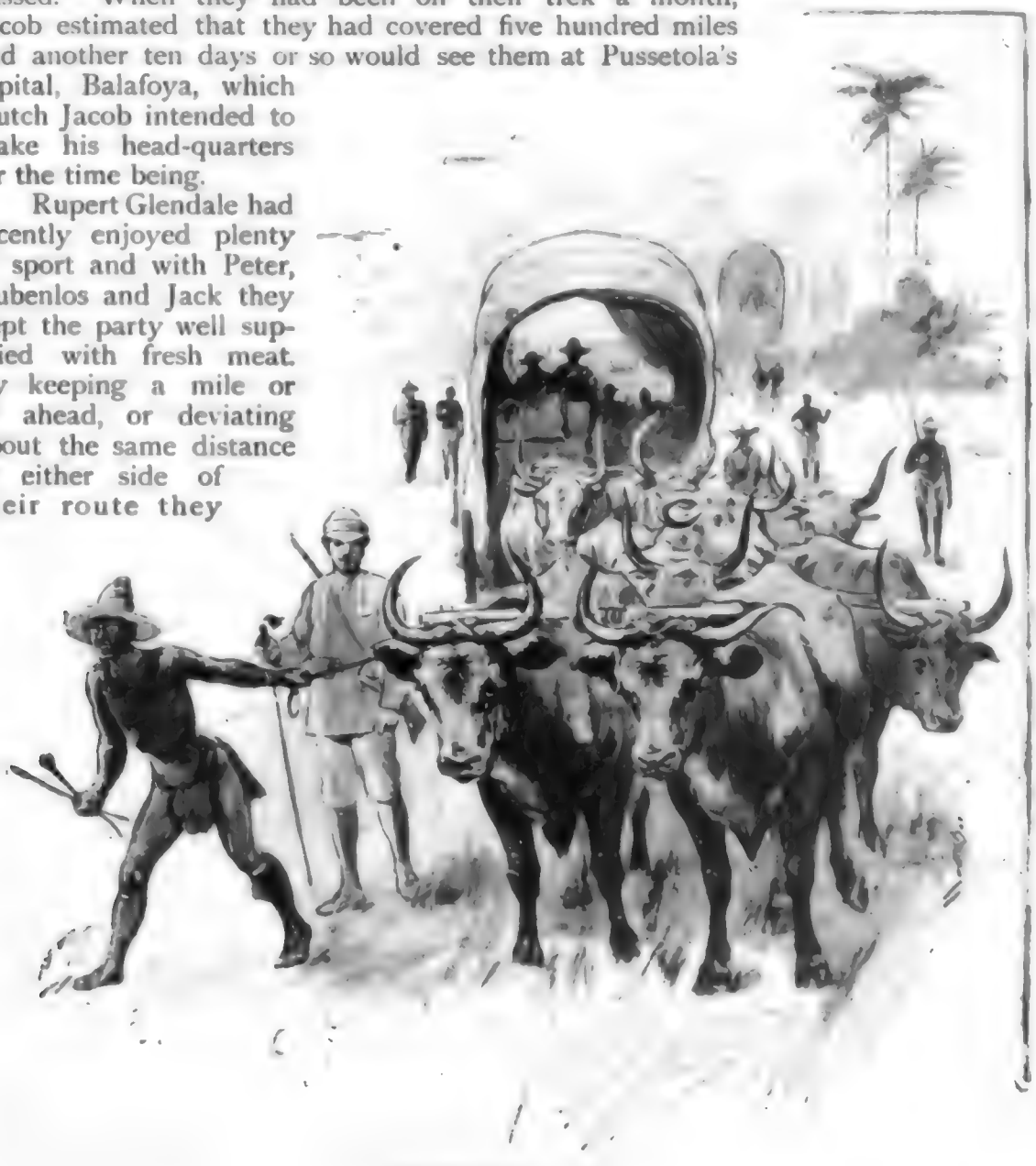
their adventures he vetoed their going so far out of the beaten track until they had gained more experience.

On the following morning the party arrived at Umfolos and remained there a couple of days to rest their cattle, as after they left this place their journey would commence in real earnest, and their way would lead them over the trackless veldt, where danger from hostile natives and almost equally dangerous lions might be encountered at any moment.

For the most part the men tramped beside the waggons, taking an occasional lift if they felt fatigued; their rifles were always ready, and Gubenlos, Pete, or Jacob took it in turns, accompanied by one or two of the boys, to scout some distance ahead on the look out for friends or foes.

Over the open veldt the oxen rarely made more than fifteen miles a day; sometimes with level open country, twenty miles was accomplished, but on some occasions where spruits or streams had to be crossed, or the lay of their route ran through rocky, broken country, ten miles, or even less, was all that could be compassed. When they had been on their trek a month, Jacob estimated that they had covered five hundred miles and another ten days or so would see them at Pussetola's capital, Balafoya, which Dutch Jacob intended to make his head-quarters for the time being.

Rupert Glendale had recently enjoyed plenty of sport and with Peter, Gubenlos and Jack they kept the party well supplied with fresh meat. By keeping a mile or so ahead, or deviating about the same distance to either side of their route they



"OVER THE OPEN VELDT"

found sable antelopes, oriby, see-sebe and hartebeeste, all belonging to the deer tribe, and the natives revelled in the liberal supply of meat which the white bosses shot. They cut up any surplus into thin strips called biltong, which was dried and preserved for emergencies should they run short.

Lions were frequently heard during the nights, but so far they had not been attacked, although they never neglected the usual hunters' precaution of lagering up each evening when they camped for the night. This was done by arranging the waggons together so as to form a barricade against assault from either native or animal enemies; between the wheels and other spaces was filled up by branches of trees and bushes, and inside this fort the oxen and men were secured from surprise. The last fifty miles of their march lay though an arid, rocky country rising steadily upwards, beyond which Balafoya reposed in a lovely valley watered by a tributary of Lake Tanganika. Their progress over the uneven, sun-baked desert was slow and arduous; all were required to aid the tired oxen to keep moving, and want of water soon told its tale on the toiling cattle. Each day their difficulties increased, for first one and then another of their oxen succumbed to the terrible strain, and as it was impossible to wait for them to recover, they were slaughtered for food. The work on the remaining animals naturally increased, and before they had much more than half crossed the desert they had lost half their cattle.

One night, dead beat after their day's toil, they made their lager up as usual, and, worn out, all save the two guards, who were set each night to protect them from surprise, were soon snoring in various keys, oblivious to this world's cares. Peter and Gubenlos happened to be the sentries for that night, and they watched from opposite sides of the lager. The night was pitchy dark, and save here and there, where a rock or stone of lighter tone than its neighbours showed up, it was impossible to pierce the gloom. Occasionally in the distance might be heard the deep roar of a lion, first on one side and then on another, which made the cattle huddle together closer. Midnight had passed some two hours, and Peter, who was sitting on the driver's seat of one of the waggons, turned now more frequently towards the east, in anticipation of catching the first gleam of the new day, when close under his feet, and barely five yards off, a deep, reverberating roar came out of the darkness. Pete brought his rifle to his shoulder on the instant, but he could see nothing to fire at. Meantime all was commotion within the lager. The terrified cattle surged backward and forward within their limited quarters, each rush threatening to break apart the fastenings of the waggons. The men were doing their best to pacify them, and at the presence of their masters the docile beasts were gradually becoming calmer. Glendale had jumped up beside Pete, and both strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of the prowling brute that had so unceremoniously aroused them from their slumbers. A faint glimmer of greyness was apparent in the hitherto impenetrable darkness, and Pete knew that with every minute the shadows of night would melt into the approaching dawn. Each minute their vision grew more extended, and they eagerly scanned the neighbouring ground for a shot at their enemy. Nothing was, however, visible, and Glendale had just whispered to his friend that the lion appeared to have retired, and had scarcely finished his words, when two terrific roars, one close after the other, burst forth on the other side of the camp, and almost at the same instant a huge lion bounded on to the shafts of the waggon opposite.

The oxen bellowed in terror and rushed against the waggon on which Peter and Glendale were standing, almost overturning them and the cart as they dashed against it.

As soon as they could steady themselves Peter said rapidly to his companion:

"Put a bullet into him, just in front of his left shoulder, Glenny. Are you ready? Fire!"

Pete discharged his own weapon at the same moment, and the two discharges rang out as one shot. The lion rose up on his haunches as the bullets struck him,



"WITH A MIGHTY TOSS THREW THE LION OUT OF THE CAMP"

and with a terrific roar of rage bounded into the centre of the encampment, striking down one of the natives as he fell. The light now was sufficient to distinguish the wounded beast as it lay on the ground emitting roar after roar with rage and pain.

Then ensued a curious sight. One of the oldest oxen, evidently deciding that now or never was his opportunity to tackle his mortal foe, dashed forward with his nose to the ground and impaled his enemy on his enormous horns and with a mighty toss threw the lion clean out of the camp. The onslaught of the steer was so sudden that no one stirred for a few seconds, then a great shout went up from every throat and Dutch Jacob rushed forward and hugged the courageous beast round the neck.

"Vell done, my beauty," exclaimed the excited Dutchman, patting the old ox, "Mein Gott, but you did that grandly."

CHAPTER V.

CROSSING A DESERT.

As the camp was now thoroughly aroused, breakfast was prepared, and in an hour's time the little caravan started on its route just as the first gleams of the rising sun came glinting over the low horizon, presaging another day of tropical heat. They pushed along over the broken, rugged country, determined to make as much headway as possible before the heat of the day became too oppressive. The white-grey rocks, bare of even the scantiest vegetation, reflected the intense glare of the sun with painful and wearisome effect. Away to the north and west in the direction their slow steps were tending could be seen the faint outline of foliage-covered hills. Once there the terrible heat would be lost. The visible end of their privations cheered them forward, and with long reims or ropes of dried skin attached to each cart the natives helped the waggons along.

The present route was not the one over which Dutch Jacob had usually passed when journeying to Pussetola's territories, for hitherto the Dutchman had always made his way through Ujiji and so round the northern end of Lake Tanganika, and thence southward down the banks of the Lake, thus obviating the difficulty of finding water for his oxen, but practically doubling the length of his journey. The short cut round the southern end of the lake had been recommended to Jacob by a fellow-hunter who had previously traversed the distance successfully, and had found plenty of water in the rocky beds and gullies of the spruits, which were themselves dry during the hot season.

Peter and Jacob had scouted eagerly for these water holes, but so far without success, and they both concluded they had somehow got astray and diverged from the correct path. There was no fear of their losing their way, for the ultimate end of their destination was visible, but the intermediate distance was what so sorely troubled them.

The barren, arid nature of the country was opposed to animal as well as vegetable life, and excepting the lion which had attacked the camp and a few loathsome snakes they had seen no signs of animal life for many days. Rupert Glendale had climbed on to the canvas-hooded top of one of the carts, and lying there at full length was lazily sweeping the road ahead with his telescope, the clear actinic atmosphere rendering visible the conformation of the distant forest land which they were endeavouring to reach. Carelessly and without thought he turned his telescope more to the southward, and ranged along the horizon parallel with their journey, but nothing in the distance attracted his notice; then the telescope drooped in his hand and covered the mid distance. For a moment it lingered, then Glendale sat up and gazed earnestly through the instrument. "Jack, tell Mr. Pete I want him," he said to Jack Fisk, who was trudging along beside the waggon.

Peter Longfellow in a few minutes was alongside his friend.

"Well, old chap, what is it?" asked Pete cheerily.

"Climb up here," answered Glendale, and when his chum was seated beside him he passed him the telescope, and pointing about a mile away almost due south, bade him examine the spot indicated.

"By Jove, I believe you're right, Glenny," he answered, after a quick glance; then shouting out to Jacob to come up to them they awaited the hunter's verdict.

The experienced eye of Dutch Jacob confirmed their surmises.

"Gott in himmel be thanked," ejaculated the Dutchman, who had a considerable remnant of his forefather's religious mannerisms in his composition. "Dat my frendts is vere ve shall find ze water; nothing with life could grow in this accursed country except on the margin of water."

The cause of all this excitement was a narrow fringe of bush and thin grass which Glendale had discovered in the hollow about a mile away, and which bore to them all the hope that there at last was the longed for liquid which they had searched for so ardently.

"Come on, Glenny," said Peter, "we'll run over and reconnoitre," and then addressing Jacob, he added, "if it's all right Jacob, we'll signal you to come on." The two friends rapidly made their way over the intervening distance, and as they drew near, the bushes and dwarf trees assumed quite respectable proportions, the herbage along the narrow course was delightful to their eyes, and they broke into a trot as they drew near, in their eagerness to solve their doubts.

Yes, there it was, a narrow, broken, boulder-covered streamlet; at parts so nearly dry that the bed showed from side to side, save here and there a few inches wide, the stream trickled in tiny thread-like strings of crystal, but along the bed deep pools of limpid, clear water were stored up, and as guard and sentinel above clustered the bush and trees which had caught Glendale's attention.

Dutch Jacob had halted his caravan to await the result of his comrades' search. He felt pretty sure that the indications meant there was a water-course, but his

anxiety was whether the tropical heat had dried it up or no, so that his face betrayed his anxiety as he sat on the top of the waggon watching the movements of Peter and Glendale, and when presently he saw the smoke of the rifle which was the signal agreed upon if he was to follow them, and heard a few seconds later the far-off report, he gave a whoop of joy, and rapidly explaining the cause to his men, they turned the heads of the oxen towards the land of promise, and in half-an-hour all their toil and privations were forgotten as men and beasts assuaged their thirst in the life-giving stream.

Dutch Jacob decided to camp on the spot for a few days to give the cattle a rest and feed on the green herbage.

As they had had no fresh meat for many days, Pete proposed that he should move on up the course of the spruit and see if they could get a shot at a deer or anything else that would give them a change from the everlasting biltong. Glendale and Jack Fisk accompanied him, and they carried a blanket apiece and a few accessories, as Pete proposed to take matters quietly and not hurry back to camp that night.

Gubenlos had been suffering from a festered foot, which had been poisoned by a thorn running into it, and therefore could not go with them. They waited until the sun began to sink towards the west, and then they pushed forward along the bank of the stream which continued its alternate pools and dry places with varying regularity. For several miles they tramped watchfully along, peering ahead and beating the scattered bush as they passed, but no sign of bird or beast rewarded their exertions. The spruit now began to get drier and the water-holes fewer and farther between.

"I'm afraid we shall do little good along here," said Peter. "We shall find the spruit gradually petering out, and another few miles will probably see the end of it."

"How far is it to yonder hills?" asked Glendale, pointing towards the tree-covered slopes now standing silhouetted against the evening sky.

"Twenty-five or thirty miles, I should guess. Why?" queried Pete.

"Only that Jacob's friend told him there was water all the way, and——"

Before Rupert finished his sentence Pete caught him by the arm, and pointing ahead, dropped on to his knees, his action being immediately imitated by his two comrades.

"What is it, Pete?" whispered Glendale, at the same time anxiously peering ahead in the direction his friend had indicated.

"You see that clump of wait-a-bit thorn," answered Peter nodding at the bush a quarter of a mile or so ahead.

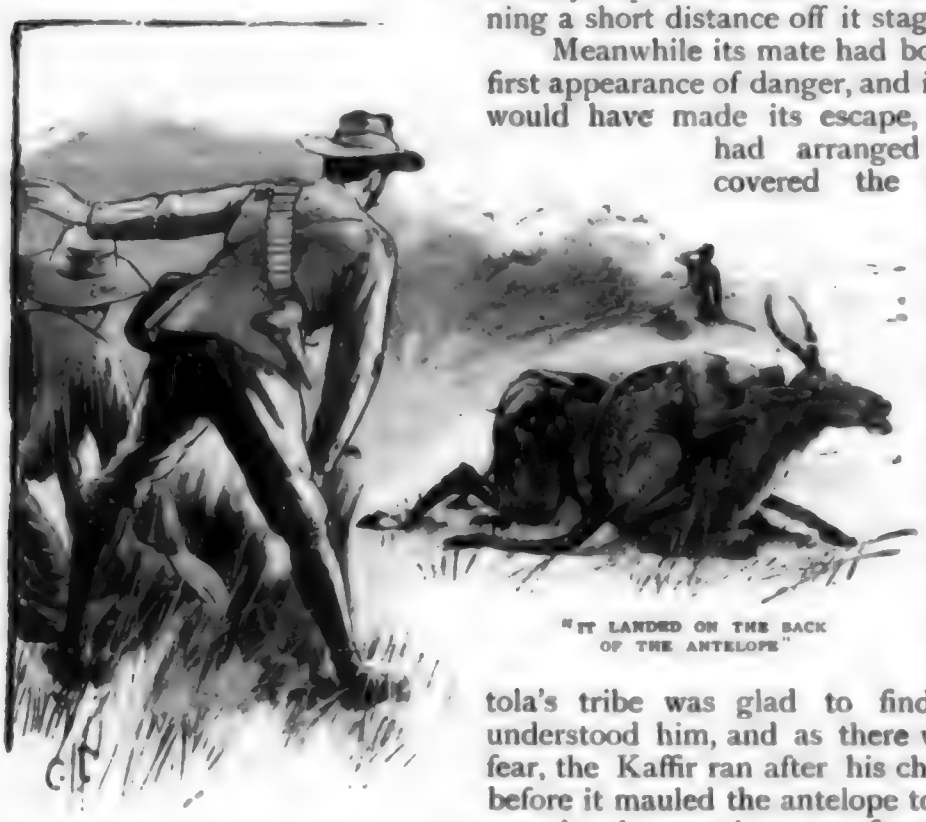
"Yes," replied Glendale, and Peter continued:

"I saw a man, a native, holding what seemed to be an immense dog, creep round the bush and vanish into its depths. He seemed to be stalking something by his action. Come on, let us go carefully forward and see what's up. Keep your rifles handy," and so saying, Peter rose and moved quickly but cautiously in the direction of the native's hiding place. Instead of approaching the bush too closely, Peter skirted the edge at some yards distance, Glendale and Jack Fisk following in Indian file. Peter stopped suddenly and backed a few feet, beckoning Glendale to approach and in a whisper told him that the Kaffir was crouching behind some thorns just round the bend of the bushes, and then Peter threw himself down flat on the ground and cautiously wriggled forward, Glendale and Jack following the same tactics. A few yards of this advance and the whole explanation lay before them. Some fifty yards away a couple of sable antelopes were quietly browsing on the banks of the spruit; the wind blew from them so that the approach of the hunters, being hidden by the bush, was unobserved. The Kaffir lay crouched behind a small bunch of shrubs and hidden from the antelopes whilst by his side lay what appeared to be a small tiger, but its head was covered, or hooded.

"It's a cheetah," whispered Pete. "We must lie low and watch the fun."

The sport was not long in commencing, for the antelopes, perfectly oblivious of danger, were contentedly browsing, each step bringing them nearer and nearer to the ambush where lay their foe. Slowly, inch by inch, foot by foot, the beautiful animals drew closer to their doom. The foremost antelope had come to within twenty or twenty-five yards of the Kaffir's bush, and then instinct warned it to get no nearer, and it turned half-round, sniffing at the air as a further precaution. Now was the Kaffir's time, and with noiseless dexterity he slipped the hood from the animal by his side, and turning the cheetah's head towards its quarry held it so.

In a few seconds, with waving tail and quivering muscles, the cheetah grasped the situation, and then the Kaffir pushed it to the edge of the friendly bush, when, with a couple of enormous bounds, it landed on the back of the antelope and buried its teeth in its victim's neck. The antelope dashed off in its fright, but the destroyer proved too much for it, and after running a short distance off it staggered and fell.



"IT LANDED ON THE BACK OF THE ANTELOPE"

Meanwhile its mate had bounded off at the first appearance of danger, and in a few moments would have made its escape, when Pete, who had arranged his plans and covered the second antelope with his rifle, stopped its career with a bullet.

The report of the shot, almost in his ear, brought the Kaffir to his feet in a twinkling. Petealsoquickly rose, and addressing the Kaffir in the dialect of Pussetola's tribe was glad to find that the man understood him, and as there was no enmity to fear, the Kaffir ran after his cheetah to secure it before it mauled the antelope too much.

As the evening was fast closing in Peter determined to camp where they were for the night. So they made a fire, and presently the neighbourhood was odorous of toasted antelope steaks. Peter had renewed his conversation with the Kaffir, and when their supper was ready he invited the swarthy native to join them.

"He's a chief of a neighbouring friendly tribe of Pussetola's, and is engaged in this lonely part on some religious penance, but he does not say what or why. He knows me by name, and as his little business is complete he proposes to guide us up to Tanganika if we like. He says we shall find no further antelopes for several days' journey, as he has come all the way down this spruit, and these two animals were the only ones he saw.

As it was useless looking for further sport we decided to return to Jacob's lager in the morning and carry the remnants of the antelopes with us.

The chief, whose name was Saja, was a splendid specimen of manhood; he stood full six feet in height and was beautifully proportioned. On his head he wore the gum ring, similar to the Zulu chieftains, whilst the only article of dress

was the loin cloth round his waist, trimmed with a lion's mane. His hooded cheetah walked beside him, led by a reim of leather, and the two made an impressive spectacle.

The return journey was commenced at daybreak, and before nine in the morning the little party was again amongst their companions. When Gubenlos and Saja met Peter was glad to perceive that they knew each other, for he did not wish to be led into an ambush, and he took the earliest opportunity of ascertaining from Gubenlos if Saja was to be trusted.

"Saja is a great chief, Ravanka," answered Gubenlos, "he is a good friend and a bitter enemy. Yantke and he are great friends."

With his fears removed, Peter and Jacob arranged to start on the following afternoon under the guidance of Saja, who promised to bring them to their destination within seven days from the start.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARING FOR THE FIGHT.

THE journey up the bank of the stream was made without further incident, and when the caravan left the last water-hole they filled up their skins and utensils with sufficient to last them many days. The succulent grass and plentiful water had quite renewed the health of the cattle, and there was no more sickness amongst them. In four days time they expected to reach the foot of the hills, on the other side of which Balafoya, the principal town owning Pussetola as chief, was only an easy day's march. The country now was growing every mile more fertile, and at any time they might come upon a band of natives. Extra caution was used to prevent a surprise by day or night, as the neighbouring tribe was a fierce and warlike offshoot of the old Zulu nation.

Saja cautioned his new friends to keep well on their guard, as only recently there had been a big fight between the tribe and a band of Arab slave hunters headed by a half-dozen rascally Portuguese, in which the latter had been driven off. All unknown white men were now regarded with suspicion, and would receive little mercy at the hands of the fighting Wonokos, who were now roused to desperation.

The fight had taken place about a hundred miles to the north of where Jacob and his company were now trekking, but no precaution was neglected, and the scouts by day and the sentries at night were ever on the alert to guard against a surprise.

Dutch Jacob inveighed bitterly against the slave hunters, for their cruelty and inhuman trade set all the native races against the whites and endangered the lives of peaceful traders like himself.

Saja had been out scouting with Gubenlos all the day, and these two had not returned when the waggons were lagered up for the night. Jacob had chosen a large open part of the veldt for his camp, free from trees or bush that might afford a covering for any approach of the enemy. The evening meal was nearly finished ere the two wanderers returned. The short twilight was fast deepening into the gloom of the African night when Saja and Gubenlos entered the camp. Peter invited the two men to come and sit by him and have their supper; when they had finished, Gubenlos desired Peter and Jacob to give him a hearing, and beckoning Saja to accompany them, the four men retired to a corner of the camp to carry on their conversation.

Gubenlos commenced the debate in his usual quiet and unimpassioned manner. "Saja has been much disturbed," he began, "at the absence of all natives from this part of the country, and this morning he suggested that he and myself should make our way ahead of the caravan, and try to ascertain the reason for their non-appearance. At first we thought that the fight in the north had caused all the natives to travel up in that direction, but it must have been a serious affair that called every one of them. We traversed many miles before we found those we

wanted: at last, some twenty-five miles away, we came across a small band of Wonokos. They were part of the army that had fought the Arab slavers; they had hurried southward as the Arabs had made a detour, and were coming along up the spruit which Jacob's waggons had just traversed. It was for this reason that the inhabitants had left that part of the country, and the little band of Wonokos were waiting for reinforcements of their main body of fighting men, when they intended to attack the slave-hunters again."

Dutch Jacob swore many strange, deep oaths at this untoward mischance.

Gubenlos continued, "The Wonokos have been watching our trek, but they had news that Boss Jacob and Ravanka were amongst the company, and they bore them no ill, but both Saja and myself fear that after the next fight, if the Arabs are beaten, the Wonokos in the flush of victory may forget their friends and wipe us out. When they have tasted blood there will be little chance of holding them at bay. The barbarities of the slave-hunters burn in their breasts and the lust of revenge will cloud their eyes."

For a while after Gubenlos finished speaking Jacob sat musing over the trouble that was brewing, then apparently making up his mind he turned to Peter Longfellow.

"You and I have been comrades on many expeditions, Peter," he commenced; "we both know the destruction and misery that these slaving devils leave in their raids. Mein Gott, but it makes my bloot to run cold when I tink of some of the blooty deeds I hav seen mit these two eyes of mine."

Peter nodded encouragingly at the Dutchman.

"Vell, my phoy, I haf one brobosition to make. Shall ve fight these bloody murderers? Shall ve join forces with the Wonokos and help them wipe out these devils?"

"I guessed what you were going to say, Jacob," replied Peter, "I honour you for your pluck and will join you with all my heart. What do you say, Gubenlos?"

"Where Ravanka goes Gubenlos follows," replied the chief, then he turned to Saja, saying, interrogatively, "The Wonokos will welcome Ravanka and his friends?"

Before the chief could reply they heard the sentry challenge and after a few moments a native approached and said that an old Kaffir who called himself Yantke desired to see the white man, Ravanka. Peter sprang up at the news and went outside the lager to welcome the old man.

Yantke had heard in some mysterious way that Peter was travelling up with Jacob's party and had come to warn him of the storm that was brewing. When he heard that Jacob and his troupe intended to join the Wonokos, he expressed his delight in strong terms, and Peter took him in to join in the conference. Jacob shook the old fellow cordially by the hand, and Saja and Yantke saluted each other in native fashion by placing the right hand on the other's breast.

It was two hours later before Yantke left the camp with the understanding that he would see the King of the Wonokos on the following morning and arrange a meeting between him and the white men. The Arabs were reported to be a long three days' journey down the stream; their force consisted of some six or seven Portuguese ruffians, forty to fifty Arab half-breeds and a hundred or more outcast natives of various tribes. Of these the Portuguese and a dozen Arabs were mounted, and the whole company were fairly armed, mostly with old-fashioned muskets, the leaders only having modern rifles.

Before noon on the following day Yantke returned with several Indunas or head chiefs to accept Jacob's proposal of alliance, and under their escort Jacob, Peter Longfellow and Glendale returned with them to have a palaver with the King, leaving Gubenlos and Jack Fisk in command of the camp.

As they drew near the King's kraal they heard the tomtoms in full tattoo, and presently, as they emerged from a small forest of dwarf oaks and scrub the Wonoko encampment came full into view.



"PETER SPRANG UP TO WELCOME THE OLD MAN"

It was all well chosen, on the side of a gently rising slope half-a-mile distant from the bush and open on every side. As they approached nearer Yantke pointed out the King, who was on a low seat, and occupied the centre of a half moon; the ring being composed of his chiefs and generals, all squatting on their haunches; whilst outside this ring, and at a respectful distance, stood the warriors of the tribe, all in full fighting costume, with hide shields, assegais and spears. In the distance were the women and children of the neighbourhood, who had not yet been sent to a safer distance.

The Indunas informed them that they mustered over two thousand fighting men, but very few of them had the white man's gun, and this prevented them from wiping out their enemy at the last engagement. Both Jacob and Peter knew the King, and as they entered the chiefs' circle they both bowed low and made their obeisance.

The King greeted them warmly.

"Ravanka, and thou Jacob the trader, with thy friends are welcome in the kraals of the Wonoko. Thy proffered aid in the coming fight is gladly accepted by myself and my great chiefs, and when the battle is over and the thieving Arabs are trampled in the mire thou shalt dwell with our people as long as stars shall shine, and our cattle shall be thine and our right arms guards thee. Thou shalt be free to come and go whither thou wilt, and we will be thy friends and ye ours for ever and ever. Ravanka I know of yore as a hunter who never knew fear; he is already a great chief, and his death tube killeth whom he listeth. Ye are welcome, again I say."

As the king finished his greeting he beckoned to Jacob, Ravanka and Glendale, and motioned them to seat themselves before him. Then Peter, who spoke their dialect with some fluency, rose and walked towards the centre of the ring. His contact with these children of nature had long since taught him the art by which to secure their respect and allegiance. Facing the King he doffed his sombrero hat, and stood with his curling locks bared to the breeze; then, raising his hand, he commenced his reply to the King.

"Mighty Ceetywa, I thank thee for myself and my friends for thy words of welcome. For ten moons I have left this land to go to my own kraal many hundreds of days distant, but I have come back again and brought my brother, for I love the land of the Wonoko, and the roar of the lion and the trumpeting of the great elephant is sweet music to Ravanka's ears. I came back to hunt with you and other of my dark brothers whose kraals I have lived in and whose friendships



"'LET HE WHO CAN SPEAK ILL OF ME STEP FORTH'"

are mine. Jacob, who ye also know as a trader and hunter of might, was coming again to visit your kraals, and I and my brother came with him. For many days we wandered over the rocky desert, and lost many cattle, but then we found the spruit and all was again well with us; as we drew near to your country we saw that the people had left and wandered; then we heard that the slave-hunters were in the land of our friends; some are white men, but they are dogs, and should be killed, for they raid this lovely country of yours—stealing your women and children and murdering them who say them nay. Although the skin of some of them is white like mine, their hearts are black and the evil spirit is in them, and I say like dogs they should be wiped out.

"I see many here who know Ravanka, and have hunted with him, they know that I have but one tongue, and that which I say is true. Did Ravanka ever fail them in the hunt? Let he who can speak ill of me step forth, now is the time to open our hearts to each other. Ceetywa, I came to hunt with you, with my brother and friends, and I find an enemy in your land; we will hunt together later, now we will fight with you shoulder to shoulder, and wipe the detested slavemen from off the face of the earth."

CHAPTER VII.

THE DEFEAT OF THE SLAVE-HUNTERS.

WHEN Pete sat down there was a murmur of applause at the words he had uttered, and one of the Indunas took his place, and with much eloquence accepted the proffered aid which Ravanka and his friend offered.

Then a full council of war was held, at which the lines on which the enemy were to be attacked was defined.

It was agreed that the Arab force was to be allowed to approach a day's journey beyond the end of the stream, where the road passed between a small forest of stunted trees on one side, and a rocky rising ground on the other. The Wonokos were to lie hidden in the forest until the Arabs were well up the pass, whilst Peter and his party entrenched themselves behind a fortification of rocks on the opposite side, and when the enemy were within range they were to open fire, and as soon as they showed signs of retreat the Wonokos were to rush on them, being joined at the same time by Peter's party.

When all was settled, Jacob's waggons were sent to the rear under the charge of the women and old men, and they proceeded to get ready for the fray. It was a very hazardous undertaking, for if the Arabs held their ground with their enormous superiority in guns, then Peter and his men stood a poor chance of getting off alive. But they had set their hands to the business, and none of them dreamt of going back. Scouts were sent out to watch the oncoming of the enemy, whilst hundreds of willing hands help to build up a rude enclosure behind which the riflemen might cover themselves somewhat.

The scouts began to come in towards night, the latest reporting that the slavers were steadily approaching, and might be expected to reach them either late the next day, or the following morning. All the ensuing day the Wonoko spies kept the chiefs informed of the advance of the slave-hunters, but the fight was not to come off that day, for late in the evening it was reported that the Arabs had encamped some three miles distant. Ravanka called Gubenlos to his side, when this news came in, and telling his chum Glendale that they were going to reconnitre, the two set off. They found the Arabs' camp in the centre of a grassy plateau about a mile across; there were half-a-dozen or more sentries posted around the encampment, but they appeared to have no scouts out.

This carelessness struck Peter at once, and leaving Gubenlos to keep watch he hastened back, and immediately communicated a new plan of attack which he had formed to the King and his chiefs. His idea was that the Wonokos should surround the slavers' camp during the night, and then, just when the morning twilight broke sufficiently for them to see, they were all to rush in, and take the enemy by surprise. This proposal met with general approval, and further scouts were sent out to watch during the hours of night; then about a couple hours before dawn the whole body of Wonokos were to move off to creep into their various positions, and await the signal for the onslaught. This was to be three calls of the jackal given at minute intervals.

The night was pitchy dark, and greatly favoured these operations, and at the appointed time each band of natives moved off like great shadowy snakes into the blackness of night.

Peter and his little party kept together near the King, who was to give the signal for his warriors to commence the fight.

The hours of waiting seemed interminably long to Rupert Glendale, as he sat crouching near his friend through the weary watches of the African night. There was no sign of movement out of the ordinary in the slave-hunters' camp. They had formed their waggons into the usual lager, sentries patrolled round the camp, their forms passing regularly against the flare of the camp fires until the latter died low and then all was still.

With the curtain of night came all those mysterious sounds and whisperings which are not noticeable in the bright glare of the day. Rustlings and crackling of the leaves and underwood which in broad noontide pass unnoticed, seemed magnified a hundred fold to the cramped watchers in the gloom. The more recognisable sounds of the denizens of the forest as they roamed abroad struck on the ears of Glendale and Jack Fisk with significant import.

"I shall be jolly glad when we start operations," remarked Rupert Glendale to Peter, as they leant against each other's shoulders with their backs to a huge tree. "Jack and I are not used to such uncanny noises as are going on all round us, are we Jack?"

"Well it does make one feel a bit crawly like," replied Jack, flicking a huge spider off his cheek.

"Hush!" came a warning note from Peter, and they relapsed into silence again, each straining his vision to pierce the surrounding blackness. An extra rustling amongst the leaves near them and Gubenlos squatted down alongside Pete. He had been having a look round and whispered to his friend the result of his observations.

"The lager is very strongly built," he murmured, his voice so low that Glendale on the other side of Peter was unaware of the chief's return. "We shall have much trouble before we are victorious. Their guards keep good watch and it will be impossible for a large body of our men to pass them without their giving an alarm."

While he was speaking a loud report came from the heart of the slaver's camp, followed by the tail of light made by a rocket, and a few seconds later the shell burst high above them, shedding a brilliant light over the whole neighbourhood.

This unexpected illumination was too much for the Wonoko braves, and various exclamations of surprise and wonder were distinctly audible. That the slavers were not to be caught napping was only too evident, as the clash of arms and movement of men was very apparent; in a couple of minutes another rocket was fired, this time in a sloping line, and bursting over a band of natives stretched out at full length on the veldt. There were no shouts now, but a volley of rifle fire from the camp showed that they had discovered the presence of the Wonokos.

A hasty council immediately gathered round the King, at which Peter and the rest of the white men were present. The chiefs were all for an immediate attack directly the dawn gave them the opportunity to distinguish friend from foe. They argued that one or, at the most, two volleys would be all the slavers could discharge at them when they rushed in, and then they would have their enemies at hand-to-hand distance—so it was arranged, and the Wonokos withdrew to the surrounding woods to wait a little longer for their revenge.

At last the pall of night slowly began to melt away and objects gradually and almost imperceptibly came more and more distinct. The moment was rapidly approaching as every minute increased the range of vision, and when it was possible to discern light objects at twenty paces distant Peter rose and, looking to his rifle, whispered to Glendale to prepare himself for the fight. Dutch Jacob and Jack Fisk were both on the alert, whilst Gubenlos had discarded his rifle for a long two-sided axe. Then a movement was made behind them, and the King stepped forth, and the cry of the jackal rang out on the stillness of the dawn; at the third repetition of the cry the avenging Wonokos rushed forward. Peter, with his party, had crossed about midway over the ground towards the camp which was just visible, when a sheet of flame flashed out from the lager and the bullets whistled around them, whilst a few shouts and groans told that some of the attackers were hit.

Pete gave the word and all his men came to a halt, and at the word "fire" poured in a volley and then rushed forward again.

Before the lager was reached another volley poured out on them, and a bullet passed through Pete's shirt.

"Are you all right, Glenny?" he asked of his friend beside him.

"Yes, old man," the latter replied, and they continued their run with renewed speed.

By now the Wonokos were swarming round the lager, endeavouring to force an entrance, whilst the rifles of the besieged were flashing continuously. Some of the natives sprang up on the waggons and hurled their assegais at the slavers within. Each instant the crowd grew thicker and they forced each other over the lager in

their eagerness to get in. As the Wonokos poured into the camp the shots of the slavers became less frequent and the fight became a struggle hand to hand. The shouts and yells of the combatants, with the Yoro Yoro warcry of the Wonoko, became perfectly deafening. Peter was busily engaged with others endeavouring to loosen the fixings of the waggons, and presently they succeeded, when the Wonokos rushed in *en masse*. Pete clubbed his rifle, and with Gubenlos wielding his heavy axe they smote fast and furiously. The interior of the lager was dense with men: no quarter was asked for or received: it was a struggle for life or death.

The bodies of the slain lay thickly strewn upon the sward, each moment adding to the number, until the limited circle within the waggons was covered with dead and wounded, over which the dense crowd of fighting men swayed backward and forward. The hopelessness of their position gave the slavers the strength of despair; gradually forced back to the opposite side of the lager, the survivors for a few minutes held their furious enemies at bay, but the Wonokos behind thrust forward with resistless force and the slavers were in the death grip of their remorseless foes.

Peter had been separated from Glendale as they were borne inward, and when the last rush of the Wonokos showed him the day was won he turned to see how his friend had fared. Gubenlos was close behind and beckoning towards the side of the lager, led him to where Glendale was lying on the ground. He had been stunned by a blow from a club and his face was covered with blood. He recognised Pete, however, who knelt down beside him, saying:

"How do you feel, old chap? Any bones broken?"

Before Rupert could reply, a terrific explosion threw Peter across his wounded comrade, and for a few moments he lay as though killed. His stooping position had, however, saved his life.

One of the Portuguese slavers, although wounded, had crawled under one of the waggons which contained several barrels of gunpowder and discharged his pistol into their midst. The carnage of the explosion was terrible to behold; the bodies of dead and living near the powder waggon were blown to pieces, and dozens of Wonokos who were crowded round rejoicing at their victory were literally mangled beyond recognition. And not one of the slave-hunters escaped.

CHAPTER VIII.

WOUNDED.

WHEN Peter recovered from the stupor which the shock of the explosion had caused, he found Glendale had fainted. Gubenlos, who had also been kneeling beside Rupert Glendale, escaped the effects of the slaver's last deed of revenge. They raised the wounded man and carried him outside the circle of carnage. Jack Fisk was anxiously hunting about for signs of his master and Pete, and when he saw them bearing the apparently dead body of Rupert Glendale along, he rushed up and, glancing at the bloody face of his master, exclaimed:

"Good Lord, Mr. Pete, say he is not dead."

"No, Jack, it's not so bad as that," answered Peter Longfellow. "He's had a nasty knock on the head and has gone off in a faint. We'll soon bring him round."

Although Glendale presently recovered consciousness, it was a long while before he was able to continue his travels.

They carried him by easy stages to the cooler regions of the hills overlooking the southern end of Lake Tanganika, where, under the shade of a lovely grove of African palm trees, the Wonokos built a large hut for their wounded ally. Here he rested for many months, tended by Peter and Jack Fisk and visited frequently by Ceetywa and his chiefs, who kept them supplied with all the dainties that the country afforded.

Cattle and sheep were always obtainable, and Jack soon improvised a churn and turned the cream into butter, a luxury hitherto unknown. Prime joints of deer and antelope, with occasional wild fowl, gave ample variety to the cuisine.

For many weeks Glendale could only be carried out and laid on a couch of skins in the shade of the trees. The blow on his head had left him subject to unbearable pain at the slightest effort at exertion. Could it have been possible Peter would have conveyed him back to Zanzibar, but the movement and heat of the journey they felt would be too much for him, so, although his convalescence was painfully slow, yet each succeeding week saw an improvement. Week after week slipped away and Rupert slowly recovered his health and at last was able to get about again. Then they planned their first excursion to give the invalid a change of air and scene, so they moved their dwelling-place down to the shore of the lake, and Peter with Jack Fisk and Gubenlos accompanied Rupert in daily paddles on the water.

"You see that small cave," said Gubenlos, one day as they were quietly paddling by the rocky heights bordering the lake some miles from their kraal, "that is the entrance to the crystal temple, so tradition has it."

"Have you visited the temple?" asked Rupert.

"No, several have entered to try and unravel the wonders said to lie within," answered Gubenlos, "but they have never returned."

"Why, what is there to prevent them coming back?"

"If you like I will relate the story so far as it is known amongst the people here," replied Gubenlos, resting from his paddling.

"Years ago, so far back in the history of our forefathers that nothing now remains but the legend as it is now told, there was a nation here of white people, not so white as you and Ravanka, but as you might be if you had always lived under our African sun. Of their habits and customs, where they came from or how they disappeared none can tell now. All that is known, and that rests only on the legend, is that the cave you see is said to lead to a temple of crystal where a light as bright as the sun is everlastingly burning night and day and there repose the bodies of some of these white people. They are said to lie asleep, each clothed in silken raiment, with rings of gold upon their wrists and ancles, and glistening stones set in ornaments decking their persons. That is the legend, and in years gone by several of our young men, more venturesome than wise, have entered the cave in the canoes, determined to prove the truth of what was said, but they never returned, and now the cave is tabooed as the abode of evil."

"I have heard this story before," said Peter, when Gubenlos finished. "So that is the entrance to the crystal temple? What truth is there in this legend, think you, Gubenlos?" he asked.

The chief shook his head.

"Probably nothing," he murmured; "but that danger lies therein is proved by the non-return of those who have entered."

When Peter and his friend were smoking their pipes that evening Rupert returned to the story they had heard that day, and they decided to try and solve the riddle which had so long remained a mystery.

(To be completed next month.)

England in Holland.

A SERIES OF UNCONVENTIONAL PAPERS.

By DR. P. H. DAVIS, F.R.G.S., &c.

No. III.—"Margarine," or Artificial Butter.

NAPOLEON III., regardless of his faults, had foresight enough to do one good act for humanity, although Victor Hugo makes him appear anything other than the man who gave the first great impulse to the production of artificial butter. Nevertheless, he offered a prize of 100,000 francs for a perfect substitute for natural butter, and Monsieur Mege-Mouriez won it by making a mixture which, practically speaking, is the same to-day as it was then—all improvements since 1866 being but matters of detail. The words "artificial butter" are, at least, better than the opprobrious term "Bosh" which prejudice formerly applied to this excellent production; and I disagree with those wiseacres of our British Parliament who rushed through the Bill which named the new product "Margarine," because, although the principal constituent of the article under comment is margarine proper, the process of manufacture entirely alters its character. The appearance is then like real butter, and a physiological change has taken place and rendered the product more digestible and more readily assimilated than the natural product; consequently unmanufactured margarine and the manufactured margarine (although bearing the same name) have about as much relationship to each other as cloth to a coat, horn to a button, or flour to a loaf. Further, I agree with a document in Dutch from the pen of Mr. David S. Bles, the Vice-Consul for the Netherlands at Manchester, who, in his "Synopsis of Consular and other Reports on Industry, Commerce and Navigation," points out that England receives its greatest supply of this useful, economical, nourishing and palatable article of food from Holland to the extent of something like 92 per cent. of the entire imports of it. This clever official justly observes: "It is wrong to consider margarine a substitute for butter. It must be regarded as a supplementary article to the import of butter, but for which butter would go up to a price far beyond the



MILK ARRIVALS PER VAN, 5 A.M. TO 8 A.M.



MILK TESTING IN THE LABORATORY

reach of the lower middle-classes. This fact will be made evident if we compare the respective quantities of both articles with the list of food-stuffs consisting of those edible and nourishing fats that are so necessary for the maintenance of health in this cold and foggy climate."

In a previous article I spoke of the oil which is expressed from the Arachide nuts at Delft. I was anxious to follow this through its preparation into margarine, and fortunately was provided with an introduction to Van den Berghs Margarine, Limited, which company, working with a capital of £950,000, possesses, on the bank of the river Maas, a factory as large as any railway terminus in England.

A self-made man is Mr. Simon Van den Bergh—a fine hale, hearty and white-bearded old gentleman whose hand I had the pleasure of shaking a few evenings ago. Prior to 1872 this patriarch lived at the small village of Osch, in North Brabant. He was a buyer of butters for the English markets, bore the reputation of being an exceedingly clever, enterprising and straightforward man, and never closed a transaction without an immediate payment in ready money. For miles the farmers brought their butters to him, and never once has any one impugned his judgment and valuation of the butters offered to him; but he could not find sufficient Dutch-made butter equal to his own ideal standard of quality to warrant stencilling his own brands upon the packages; he therefore used to travel, select and buy from the farmers on the spot. Thus he made regular journeys through Holland, Westphalia, Prussia Proper, Bavaria, Switzerland and Italy, and so precise was he about the goods he shipped branded with his own marks that the Sv dB mark of butters in England used to realise from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per pound retail. The old gentleman would rise at 1 a.m., and, with a large military riding cloak round his shoulders, mount his horse and commence his journeys of selection and purchase with, by comparison, a fabulous amount of money in his possession.

Competition came; people purchased his high-class butters and also clamoured for something cheaper, but the astute old gentleman refused to be identified with anything inferior. His seven sons were growing up, the subject of artificial butter had begun to excite interest, and so the pioneer of what is now the greatest margarine factory in the world went to Paris, secured the secrets of margarine making and returned to Osch in 1872, where, in a building at the back of his house, he commenced in a very primitive way with a staff of some fifteen persons, in addition to his sons and a small steam-engine, to manufacture the first margarine. This business progressed so rapidly that in 1873 he discarded dealing in butter at all, confined his attention to margarine exclusively, and, in fact, before Mr. Van den Bergh had any opportunity to erect a factory he had to use the whole of his private residence for business purposes, and it was related to me with a pang how, on one

occasion, the magnificently decorated and furnished drawing-room, which was the family pride, was converted into a warehouse for the storage of kegs, tubs, boxes, and so forth of the new article of food. Another peculiar incident is worth telling: a factory covering an area of about 150 feet by 60 feet had been erected and, according to the then method, the cellarage was lined and floored with marble till it became a reservoir into which the margarine was run to cool for twenty-four hours. Whether the fault was that of the architect or the enormous weight of goods is uncertain, but the whole building collapsed inwards; the floors gave way, brought the walls with them, and that margarine factory and marble cellarage was a thing of the past! Fortunately this occurred on a Saturday night, when the workpeople were home, so that damage was only done to goods and structure; but, notwithstanding that Sunday followed, Mr. Van den Bergh had a new building erected on piles, equipped with machinery and running in perfect order within forty-eight hours from the time of the catastrophe, and margarine-making was going on as usual in the propped-up new building, whilst the workmen were getting away the *débris* from underneath.



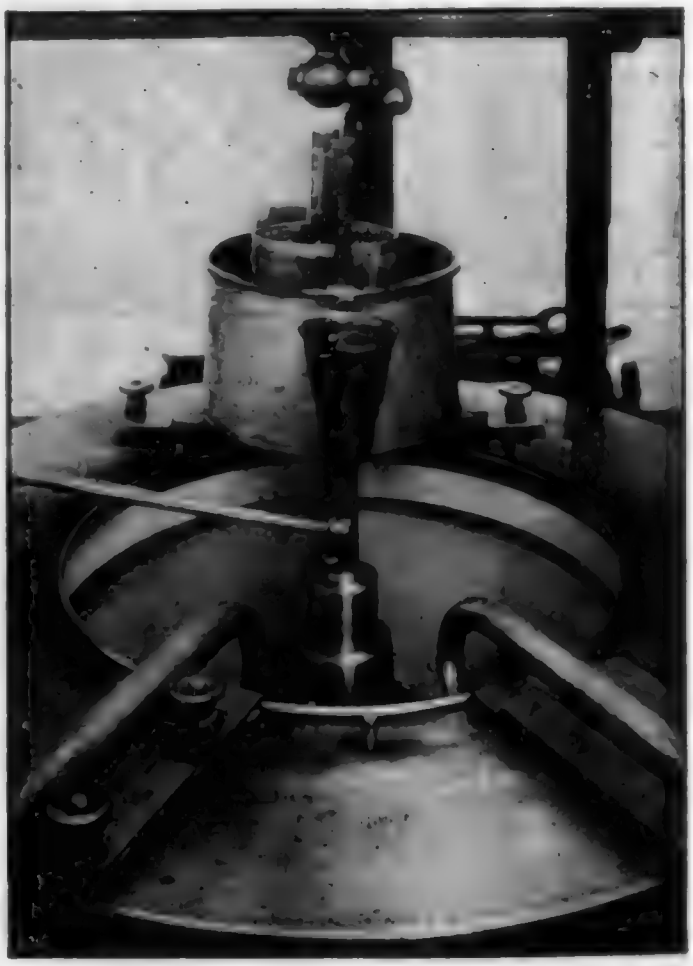
A CORNER OF THE MILK COOLING DEPARTMENT

Business progressed so fast that the railway and water service to Osch was insufficient for the traffic; other margarine manufacturers had centralised at Rotterdam—evidently the future home for the receipt of all raw material for, and likewise the port for the despatch of, margarines, and the eight Messieurs Van den Bergh calculated that a removal *en bloc* from Osch to Rotterdam would save £10,000 to £12,000 per year in freight only, besides giving them advantages in selecting raw materials. Accordingly the large new works were put up, railway lines and sidings constructed to place them in direct contact with the services to all parts of the Continent; two fine, large, light-draught steamers built for river and canal service, and all put into excellent order, so that in 1893 some 72 million pounds' weight of margarine were turned out therefrom, and then the trade had grown so large that they could not successfully grapple therewith. Other works covering a still larger area were erected at Cleves, Germany (a few miles from the Dutch frontier), that the German States and Southern and Eastern Europe could be supplied, and this German factory is now so completely overrun with business that new works are being put up at Brussels to afford some relief to the Company's other factories by supplying the markets of Belgium and France.

The works at Rotterdam are the largest in the world. Three brothers are in charge, whilst two more supervise the English business from the offices in Mincing Lane, London. The Company's two steamers, assisted by some four or five others (chartered) leave the wharf in front of the works early each morning, and each traverses its own special route by river and canal and returns about eight o'clock

loaded with cans and barrels of milk from the various collecting stations at landing-places *en route* from the farmers throughout South Holland, which is celebrated for its milk pastures. Whilst the vessels are away, scores of spring vans arrive laden with milk from all parts, from upwards of 5,000 cows, being used daily in this enormous establishment for margarine, exported all over the world, including the identical places from which the founder of the business formerly bought his butter. The milk is sampled as received, then tested in the laboratory by Dr. Mewes and his assistants. If only considered from a commercial aspect, poor quality milk would not be passed, because the quantity of cream it would produce would not make it profitable. These cans of tested and approved milk are first submitted to a rather peculiar process. A huge apartment, bare of fittings, has a number of reservoirs cut in its floor. These shallow pits are filled with water only about one degree above freezing point, directly pumped from huge refrigerating machines of British manufacture. Into this the cans of milk are placed to cool, and their contents, so to speak, sterilised. They are then carried to the milk room—a description of which is almost beyond me.

From the platform at one end the appearance is that of a Goliath sheet of corrugated iron on supports, some six feet above the floor, so that a man could readily pass under. Each is, in reality, a huge zinc-lined iron reservoir with a capacity which was naïvely described as being "175,000 pints." Each is probably thirty inches deep inside, of great length, and becomes a kind of tank with a lactometer suspended in it to define the cream standard of the milk. The huge expanse of white in this lofty white building—the walls glazed with white tiles—is remarkable indeed, and the whiteness such that one has to shield the eyes for a moment or so to enable the sight to act. Numerous attendants, each as clean as possible for men to be, acting upon known indications, send off the milk by a series of aqueducts to another department, where are mechanical appliances called "separators." Before entering these the milk is run over hot metal plates, thence transmitted to the separators, the insides of them turning at 3,000 revolutions per minute—in fact, so fast that one cannot observe the motion at all. By centrifugal force the milk is separated from the cream, the skimmed milk is sold to pig breeders at less than a penny per gallon, and the separated whipped cream (whipped much finer and firmer than ever was done by any cook in the world) is used for that inexpensive commodity known as margarine, and which the ignorant and bigoted sneer at without sense, reason, or knowing why.

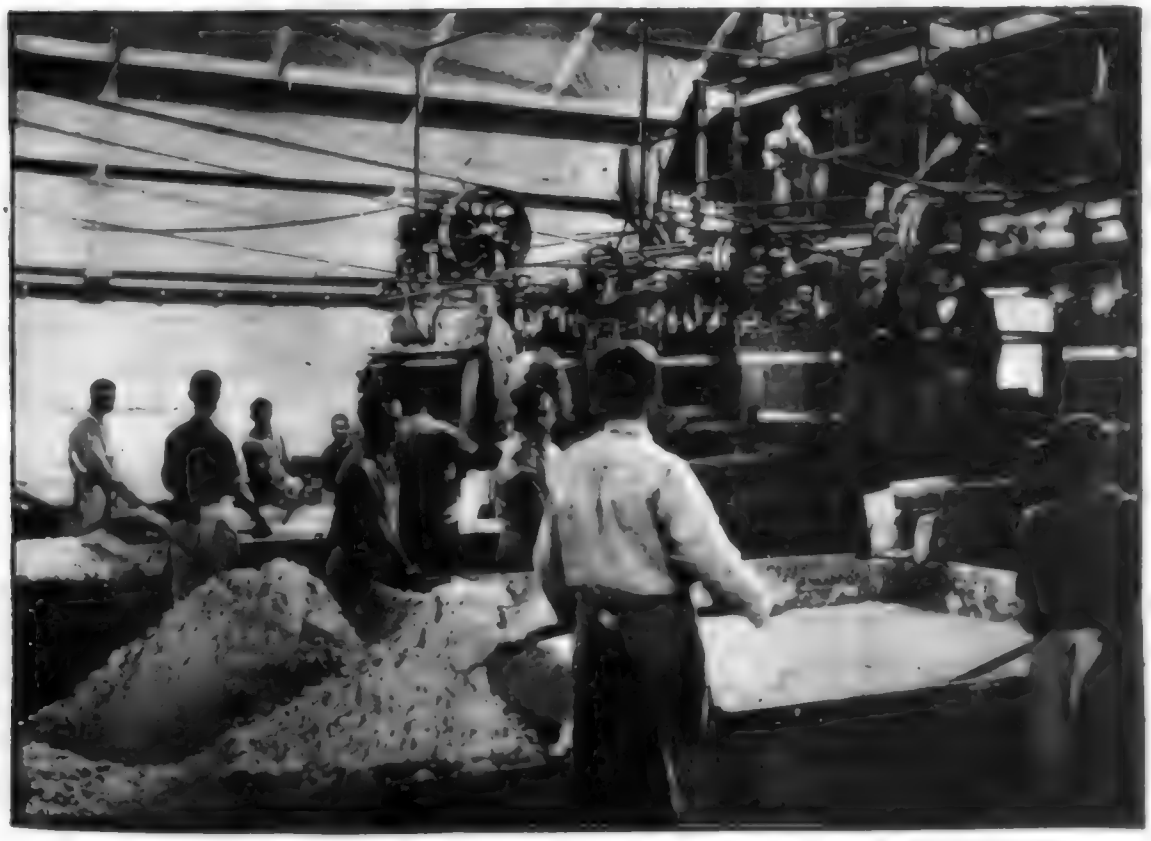


INTERIOR OF MILK SEPARATOR, RUNNING 3,000 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

This whipped cream is now cooled, and my readers will be

astonished to learn that it is then so solid that one could almost walk upon it, although it more than nearly represents frozen freshly fallen snow. A thousand barn gallons of milk per hour are thus separated, and when this cream has been cooled it is ready for use, *i.e.*, to be mixed with the clarified oil from Arachide nuts and the margarine which has given it its name.

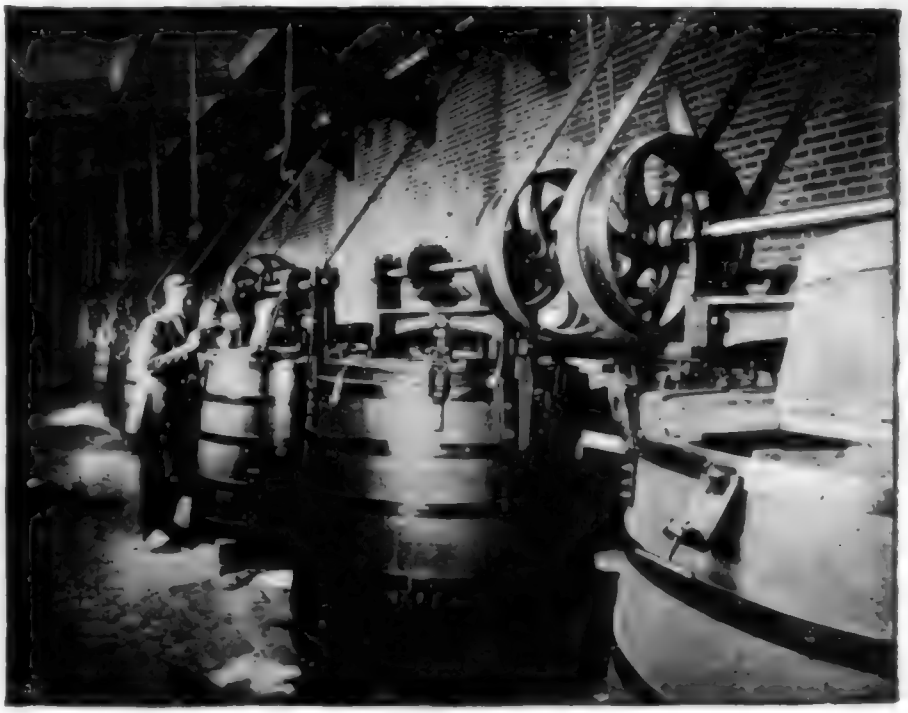
I have already explained what the Arachide nuts are, and, how their oil is extracted, so I give a full description of what margarine really is, because *that* is the article the ignorant hurl anathemas at. Margarine comes principally from Chicago and St. Louis, where are the huge stock yards at which fabulous numbers of cattle are annually slaughtered for canning. When the beast is killed and the fat is still liquid, *i.e.*, before it has set into suet, it is heated to a given temperature without allowing the fat to be scorched or its flavour impaired, then run into pans around which (in glue-pot fashion) water is made to travel so that a separation of the constituent parts of the fat takes place. The fat is then removed, cut into blocks of prescribed size, each wrapped in white linen and submitted to a pressure of 100 tons to the square inch, which drives out the pure, clean and refined oleo-margarine into new white wood casks. This is the article which is used for margarine; that which is left in the cloths is employed for candle-making. I saw the casks of American margarine opened, and I am sure that the article would favourably compare and then eclipse any dripping ever produced in one's own home by the cleanest or best cook in existence. They were knocked to pieces, the isolated blocks of margarine tilted into a large pan around which, in another pan, jets of steam were quickly passing, so that the margarine was slowly melted. In time steam was shut off, and for fear a splinter from the cask, or any other impurity might remain in the margarine, the latter in its liquid state was run through a sieve with meshes as fine as cambric into a receptacle with capacity of one and a-half tons. It is this margarine which gives "length" to the manu-



SECTION OF GREAT CHURNING HALL (SKIMMING THE MARGARINE OFF THE ICE WATER IN THE RESERVOIRS)

factured product, as otherwise it would be too "short" to resemble butter, and be likely to "grain," or remain semi-liquid. According to the quality of the finished article more or less margarine is incorporated with more or less nut oil, and more or less of the whipped cream, and likewise, let it not be forgotten, with more or less perfectly pure Danish butter of the finest quality. And here I emphasise that the better the Danish butter the more likely it would be used for margarine, because it is "pure butter," and pure butter only that imparts to margarine the absolute "butter flavour" which is so much sought for.

All the ingredients are put in churns, each holding one and a-half tons, supplied with beaters of peculiar construction, and working one into the other at a speed of about 100 revolutions per beater per minute—the blades on each, and number of beaters adding to the rapidity; forty-five minutes is a minimum for churning; the product then is tested by an appliance like a hydrometer, and tasted by the manager in charge; a fixed proportion of liquid annatto (as used for butter) is added to give tint, a dozen revolutions carries all the colouring through the mass, and forthwith the most interesting, and at the same time pretty, process of all that goes on takes place. At the bottom of the churn is a tap on a pipe about six inches in diameter. This is next to a similar tap and pipe leading from a constant supply of crystal water one degree above freezing point. These are simultaneously opened; the beaten yellow margarine rushes out in a torrent of cream, and twenty inches distant amalgamates with the torrent of iced water, which converts the creamed margarine into something like fine golden grain, which, with the water, falls into a four ton reservoir in front. Thus the margarine is cooled to freezing point in less than a second, and floats on top of the icy water like a golden sponge. Four men work at each of these reservoirs — two on each side. Two have hard wood paddles, drilled with holes, and with these they drive, or skim, the crystallised margarine to the two others, who have wooden appliances with handles some six feet long, and blades (neither spades nor bowls, but a combination of both), well drilled with holes. By these they scoop up the grains of margarine into railway trucks standing alongside, and from which a stream of water runs on to the tiles below. Could one imagine a railway truck full of brewers' grains of small size, golden colour and crystalline form, they would perfectly realise how margarine now appears.



HALF A BATTERY OF CHURNS WORKED BY STEAM POWER

The ton and a-half of margarine in the truck is now run along the direct lines



"MARGARINE JUNCTION," WITH 70 TONS OF MARGARINE IN VIEW

vid "Margarine Junction," across turn-tables, and along main lines, branches and loops till deposited in one of the cool, well-shaded nooks at the "docks," where it rests for a short time to mature; the grains are grains no longer, for when the water has run away, the margarine is a block inside the truck.

Next the margarine is "worked," which means that the truck is run into the enormous hall where the butter-working machines are erected; these are wholly composed of hard wood and constructed on Mr. Van den Bergh's own plans. The margarine as removed from the trollies is shot into the hopper, and falls upon a corrugated wooden drum that, in its revolutions, slices up the lumps into flakes. As each lump is thrown in it is dusted with dairy salt, to be kneaded through the mass, and as the circular base of the kneading machine revolves it brings the margarine under heavy pressure, which squeezes out all surplus water and buttermilk — though "margarine-milk" would be more correct. The solidified compound rests for an hour, is passed through the kneading machines as before, except for the matter of the salt, and is then ready for the packing department, where it is moulded in the same way as genuine butter into rolls, pats, moulds, blocks, lumps, and other shapes, which are subsequently packed in casks, boxes, barrels, kegs, and other receptacles of various sizes to suit different markets. Some is wrapped in Manchester-made butter-cloth—a class of muslin used to the extent of over £10,000 worth per year, and the only two females employed in the work tear this into suitable sizes for packing.

I have now explained by pen and camera exactly how margarine is produced in the largest factory in the world and described operation by operation just as I saw it conducted, but I think I ought to go a step further. This Company has some 800 persons em-



MAKING AND PACKING ROLLS FOR ENGLAND

ployed inside its buildings, and 300 more out of doors in collecting of the raw material and distributing of the finished product. In all the numerous establishments cleanliness and order is supreme, every floor is of creamy buff English tiles on the curve, so that all moisture runs away into the gutters which cross in every direction and round its edges.

There are also two of the largest size British-built ice machines supplying 36,000 gallons of iced water per hour, as well as steam-pumps of almost similar capacity. The Company makes its own wooden packages and its outlay for these and baskets, etc., reaches over a £100,000 per year, beyond which it has a printing works (with three steam printing presses and a stereotyping foundry) to turn out part of the desired literature—principally labels and addresses. An Ambulance Corps exists in the interests of the employés, for whom is also provided a well equipped dining-room; and to celebrate his golden wedding in November, 1894, the founder of the business gave a handsome donation to his staff as the nucleus of a Pensions Fund. The Company contributes an amount equal to that of the workpeople towards a Sick Fund for the latter, although the calls on it are very rare on account of the lofty, well-ventilated rooms and perfect sanitary condition of the factory. The clerical force in the offices is composed of both sexes, and correspondence is carried on in nearly every civilised language. On the walls of the private reception room adjoining the main counting house are a number of Certificates of Awards to the Company, received at various exhibitions, in addition to a replica of their gold and other medals, and photographs of the exhibits they have made from time to time. Perhaps the strangest thing about this extraordinary Company is that the capital is £950,000, but £500,000 of this sum is held by the five partners and the remainder, in guaranteed 6 per cent preference shares, by its own customers in all parts of the universe, but mostly in the United Kingdom.



MILK ARRIVALS PER BOAT

Dramatic Notes.

By FITZGERALD ARTHUR.

THIS, of course, is what is called in the dramatic world "the dull season." At the time of writing no less than twenty West End theatres are closed. Drury Lane, Haymarket, St. James's, Criterion, Garrick, Court, Toole's, Savoy, Trafalgar, Avenue, Strand, Opera Comique, Shaftesbury, Princess's, Olympic, Lyceum, Royalty, Covent Garden and Daly's. Now the Avenue has opened once more, and this time with Fenton Mackay's "Quong Hi." Since this was produced at a matinée it has been revised and compressed, and now goes with a bang. A strong cast has been gathered together, including Willie Edouin and his two sprightly daughters, May and Daisy, Miss Helen Ferrers and Miss Fordyce, Forbes Dawson, Kenneth Douglas, W. F. Hawtrey and Oswald Yorke. The piece has been wonderfully improved, and Mr. Edouin's song and dance with his daughter May should alone draw crowded houses. It has been admitted that the quaint Japanese dance of Miss Kate Seymour and Mr. Edmund Payne was the chief item in the successful "Shop Girl;" this being so, what would the song and dance out of "Quong Hi" be? the plot being of but secondary consideration. It should be the making of any burlesque company.

* * *

The Princess's has once more thrown wide its portals and this time on a new principle. It is to be worked as a provincial theatre, that is country companies on tour will make this a house of call. Cheap prices are the order of the day, or rather night. The Trafalgar also has just opened again, that is "The Passport" has been removed *en bloc* from Terry's Theatre, and the Comedy success, "The Prude's Progress" has transferred itself to Terry's Theatre.

* * *

The last nights at the Opera also were very brilliant, and Sir Augustus Harris was able to announce that he started with a fuller subscription list for next season than he had ever had before.

Early this month theatrical activity starts once more. Mr. Willard re-opens the Garrick Theatre with Augustus Thomas's "Alabama." This should be a success if all said about it is true. My readers will be pleased to hear that Mr. James Fernandez has been engaged for the production. We have seen far too little of late of this good and sterling actor. On September the 5th the new Adelphi drama, written this time by Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Clement Scott, is due. I wonder will Mr. Scott do as the late Mr. Edmund Yates did, criticise his own play. It will be remembered, Mr. Yates slated his own work most cruelly, and on being spoken to about it gave as an explanation that when he wrote it he thought it a great play, but when he sat in the stalls as a dramatic critic and criticised it he could only but admit it was a worthless production.

Talking of the Adelphi, there has lately been two changes there. The original Wilber Ann —Miss Navette Comstock—has had to relinquish her part to return to America, and Miss Cynthia Brooke has also been obliged to leave the caste to take up the part of the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith for Fred Latham's provincial company. On September the 7th, Mr. Arthur Bourchier will commence his management at the Royalty, which theatre has in the meantime been thoroughly overhauled. The 10th will see the start of the autumn season at the St. James's, and on the 14th we are promised the re-opening of Drury Lane, the Strand, and the Lyceum. Before that date, however, other arrangements will be made, for critics are but mortal after all, and they cannot be in three places at one and the same time.

The closing night at the Lyceum was a memorable one. First we had "Nance Oldfield," with Miss Ellen Terry in the play, then Corporal Brewster, otherwise Sir Henry Irving, in the "Story of Waterloo," and lastly the church scene from "Much Ado About Nothing." After the close of this very interesting programme Sir Henry and Miss Terry were called and recalled again and again, and then after the whole company had made their bows, our new knight delivered himself of one of those gracious speeches he so well knows how to word. The following is the text of it:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is difficult to thank you for your greeting to-night, or, indeed, on any night, and I can but regret that it will

not be our happiness to meet you again until next year. We have had a busy season, and have done considerable work, presenting altogether fifteen plays, the new ones being 'King Arthur,' 'A Story of Waterloo,' (the romantic and the realistic), 'Don Quixote,' and 'Journeys End in Lovers Meeting,' and I cannot help expressing my great pleasure that the 'King Arthur' of my friend Comyns Carr was received with enthusiasm for 105 representations, while exciting that pleasing diversity of opinion without which an actor's life might, like a statesman's, develop into a too agreeable monotony. In presenting many of the plays of our répertoire I think I had the good fortune to hit the public taste, for they were one and all received with uncommon enthusiasm. You have, I dare say, heard that we are about to pay another visit to the many friends which we have the good fortune to number in the United States, and during our absence this theatre will be under the control of our old friend and colleague, Mr. Forbes Robertson, who has our warmest good wishes, and, I may say, those of a multitude of playgoers, who take the greatest interest in the success of his enterprise. Later on, during Mr. Robertson's season, there will, at Christmas time, be a series of morning performances, under the direction of Mr. Oscar Barrett, similar to those which he has so successfully pioneered for the past two years. Not unmindful of certain promises made some time ago, it is my intention on our return to produce Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus.' It has long been my wish to present that play, and I am glad to tell you that in my delightful task I shall have the co-operation of Mr. Alma Tadema, perhaps the greatest authority in the world, for the adornment of so noble a theme. This I mean to follow with an English version of 'Madame Sans-Gêne,' in which Sardou's heroine will be impersonated by our lady of the Lyceum, Miss Ellen Terry. I might also tell you that I am desirous of presenting an historical play by Mr. W. L. Courtney, based upon a German source, of which I shall take the opportunity of saying more upon another occasion. It will be interesting to you to know that I am promised a play by an old fellow-worker in this theatre—who has since won golden opinions from all sorts of people—A. W. Pinero; and the production of a play by him would be to me a matter of infinite pleasure. And now, ladies and gentlemen, for a time we must say good-bye, and during our wanderings we shall be cheered by recollections of your kindness and of your affectionate good-will; and remembering gratefully the encouragement and support which you have extended to us for so many years, for myself and for my dear friend Ellen Terry I thank you with the fulness of a loving heart."

Two very interesting events are to be recorded in connection with this memorable night. The presence after a long and painful illness of the genial Mr. John L. Toole, now happily recovered, and the other, the announcement of the production of "Coriolanus," with the decorations and scenic affairs under the hand of Alma Tadema. Sir Henry called Sir Edward Burne-Jones to his assistance with "King Arthur," and now he has sought out Alma Tadema While such celebrated artists lend their powerful aid to stage productions, and while we have managers public-spirited enough to seek such help, the stage may be reckoned upon as a source of not only enjoyment, but also of absolute instruction, and higher education.



Photo by Turner & Co.

MR. HENRY DANA

Though a "Midsummer Night's Dream," has come off from Daly's, it has been revived in the form of a spectacular ballet under the name of "Titania" at the Alhambra. Talking of the Alhambra, of course, reminds me of the interesting fact, that Sir Arthur Sullivan has undertaken to write the music for a ballet at the Alhambra in the near future. This all goes to show that in spite of the bigoted opposition to the theatre and music-hall, our very best talent, artistic and musical, is being enlisted in their services.

Mr. Dana has to be heartily congratulated on the unqualified success that has crowned his first managerial efforts.

"What a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive."

The authors must have had these lines in their minds when they wrote "The Passport." For out of a very mild and innocent deception a perfect hurricane of misunderstandings and mistakes arise. A very forgetful lady has missed her maid and luggage and arrives on the Russian frontier minus her passport. A gentleman who paid her but the ordinary civilities due from one of his sex to a lady offers to help her out of her difficulty by allowing her to travel on his passport from St. Petersburg to Moscow. This passport is made out in the name of his wife and himself, and as his wife is not with him the other lady masquerades as such for the twenty-four hours necessary for the journey. Unfortunately he introduces the lady as his wife to some English people travelling the same way. Unfortunately also he is seeking a divorce from his wife, and worst of all they meet again in happy England later on. Thus it will be at once seen, much scope is given to the authors to work up a very excellent farcical comedy, and they have availed themselves of it to the utmost, the result being the undoubted success it is.

Act I. finds us on the Russian frontier, and a worthy city merchant, his wife and maid are prisoners in the waiting-room. This good city merchant is also an M.P., which fact enables the authors to have their little joke about M.P.'s in general. This worthy gentleman has lost his passport on the continent, has given information to the police and obtained another In the meantime the French police have wired to the Russian that a notorious gang of swindlers, one George Barnwell, accompanied by two women, are travelling under the protection of the stolen passport. The result is Mr. Coleman, wife and maid are arrested as swindlers, and nothing for a while will convince the Russian police to the contrary. However, everything must have an end and ultimately they are released. During this first act also, Mr. Sinclair—afterwards Lord Bibary, and at present attached to H.B.M. Consulate—appears on the scene and offers to escort the forgetful lady, Mrs. Darcy, to Moscow, as she has forgotten her passport.



Photo by Franklin & Son

MR. ALFRED MALTBY

Act II. brings us back to the drawing-room of Mr. Coleman's house in Grosvenor Square. Here Lord Bibary is about to be married, and is married before the curtain goes down to Mr. Coleman's daughter, while Mr. Greenwood, just returned from India with a liver, and who is Mr. Coleman's partner, is married to Mrs. Darcy. Strange stories are afloat regarding his lordship's first wife, Mrs. Sinclair, and the complications and misunderstandings that arise are comical in the extreme.

Act III. consists of explanations from everybody to everybody, and at last everybody is satisfied—including the hilarious audience. It would be unfair to go too much into detail over the explanations. The piece has to be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Alfred Maltby, as Christopher Coleman, is inimitable, his bewilderment, his indignation, his righteous wrath when he thinks he has been fooled, are all well portrayed, and in many of his best scenes he is well supported by Mr. Geo. Giddens, who enacts the rôle of Greenwood, the partner from India with the liver. A special word of praise is due to the carefully studied performance of Mr. J. L. Mackay, as Schminkoff, the Russian official. Mr. Cecil Ramsey and Mr. Compton Coutts also add no little to the success of the play. The hero, if I may so call Ferdinand Sinclair, is in the very capable hands of Mr. Yorke Stephens, who does full justice to it. Miss Gertrude Kingston, as the very forgetful Mrs. Darcy—afterwards Mrs. Greenwood—and Miss Cicely Richards, as the maid Markham, have two lovely parts, and each is all that can be desired; Miss Fanny Coleman, as Mrs. Coleman, and Miss Kate Tully and Miss Grace Lane all contribute to the success of the whole.

I should fancy that Mr. Dana would find no difficulty in packing the Trafalgar, even in the dog days, with such an amusing piece as Messrs. Stephenson and Yardley's "Passport" undoubtedly is.



MR. GEORGE GIDDENS

I should have mentioned, when writing about the Princess's, that the piece with which they have opened is "Saved by the Sea," and that the caste includes, among others, that robust and popular actor, Mr. Chas. Glenny. Mr. Glenny has already made his mark, but the excellent work he has been putting in lately stamps him as one of our foremost melodramatic actors.



PLOUGHING WITH OXEN IN NORTH WILTS [*By John A. Lloyd*



MAKING THE BEST OF IT [*By T. Morley Brook*

PUZZLEDOM

225. Transpose the following letters and find a proverb:

B C E E E H H I I L N O O P S S S T T T Y Y

226. A Numerical Enigma.

My 4, 2, 3, 9, means sharp.
My 5, 7, 2, 8, 9, is an irrational animal.
My 8, 1, 2, 3, 7, is a portion.
My whole is an animal indigenous to South Africa.

227. Word Square.

A place of sale; to assert; a town of Nevada; stepped.

CONUNDRUMS.

228. How is it that summer goes so quickly?
229. When is money damp?
230. What tree has fire no effect upon?
231. Why is green grass like a mouse?

Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct, or most correct, answers by 20th September. Competitions should be addressed "September Puzzles," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C. Post cards only, please.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

218. A blush.

219. Bird.
Idea.
Real.
Dale.

220. A dictionary.

221. Because he is down in the mouth.

222. Because he is a solicitor.

223. Because he is no better (bettor).

224. Wales.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our July Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—W. J. Ayton, Shincliffe Hall, Durham; Miss M. Bird, The Redlands, Gloucester; H. M. Finch, 6, Plowden Buildings, Temple, E.C.; Miss E. A. Momber, 13, Clifton Vale, Clifton, Bristol; Miss C. H. Maw, Severn House, Iron Bridge, Shropshire.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

THE winning photo for July "Ploughing with Oxen in North Wilts" is reproduced on the previous page. Another worthy production is "Making the best of it."

A prize of one guinea will be paid each month to the Competitor sending in the best and most artistic photograph. The Editor's decision on this point to be final.

Subjects may be selected from Landscapes, Seascapes, Studies from Life (people or animals), well-known Buildings, Ruins, &c. The larger the picture the better. But portraits will not be eligible. Silver prints or P.O.P. are preferred, Bromide and Platinotype are objectionable for reproduction.

All photos sent in must be mounted on smooth card and named at the foot of print.

The Competitor's name and address must be written clearly on the back of each subject.

The Coupon, which will be found at the bottom of the Contents page of this number of THE LUDGATE MAGAZINE, *must be cut out and pasted on the back of any one photo sent in and be signed by the Competitor.*

A Competitor may send in any number of photographs, provided they are sent in one parcel and accompanied by a Coupon. One Coupon will be sufficient for each parcel, whether it contains one or more photos, and should be addressed, "September Photos," THE LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

No photographs will be returned under any circumstances, but will remain the property of the Editor.

The winning photo for the month, together with such other photos that the Editor may select, will be reproduced in THE LUDGATE, *together with the winner's name and address.*

The Competition for September will close on the 30th September and the winner will be announced in our November Number.

"THE FRENA COMPETITION."

The above Photographic Competition, which closed on 30th August, has proved very successful. The name of the winner will be announced in our October Number.

The Prize of One Guinea for the July Competition has been awarded to John A. Lloyd, Mere Vicarage, Bath.

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